

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 11, 1960

NUCLEAR TESTING
A Scientific & Political Primer

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



R. J. REYNOLDS
BOWMAN GRAY

...00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXXV NO. 15



A Thunderbird is enchantment...

Like a wordless moment—like the first time
you fell in love—like no other car ever made...

The one and only car. The car more people have promised themselves to own . . . someday. The car that has become the measure of what a luxury automobile should be . . .

Thunderbird enchantment begins with styling: the idea of speed designed into the famous silhouette. Inside those beautifully formal lines is the Thunderbird living space: a look of elegance and comfort and the silver sheen of chrome.

Now you experience the Thunderbird movement . . . Ride the Thunderbird and you'll want to drive; drive the Thunderbird and you'll forget all other cars.

Try it just once. Move easily through the four-foot-wide doors; settle into the individually adjustable seat. And all seats are contoured in the firm comfort of formed foam rubber in the cushions and backs.

The console panel that runs through the center of the car is a pleasant Thunderbird exclusive. This is still the only car in which each passenger can control every side window.

Touch your toe to Thunderbird power.

That razor-sharp responsiveness is uniquely Thunderbird, easy-going performance that seems to loaf at any

speed. Below your foot is the Thunderbird 352 Special V-8 or the optional 430 Special V-8. Both are honed for maximum combustion efficiency, with four-barrel carburetion and Precision Fuel Induction.

And beneath the sweet, surging feel of action there is the rock-solid feel of absolute control. You are cradled in Thunderbird's special single-unit construction; the road is smoothed by Thunderbird's own special suspension; curves are gentled by the five-foot-wide tread that keeps Thunderbird balanced like a steel ballerina.

The Thunderbird enchantment is available in three models: 1. the Thunderbird convertible with the fully automatic top that disappears completely, leaving only the long, lean line of Thunderbird beauty; 2. the hardtop with optional sliding sun roof—the all-metal panel that opens easily when you want it, weatherproofs tightly when you need it, and 3. the classic hardtop.

The great basic values of the Thunderbird have made it a blue-chip investment . . . yet, it costs less than any other luxury car, and has the top trade-in value of any U.S.-made car.

Don't wait till "someday" for your "someday" car. Take one drive, and you'll own the most beautiful kind of travel you can buy—the 1960 Thunderbird.

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*,



'60 THUNDERBIRD
THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED CAR



BACKACHE? SIMMONS INVENTS A NEW MATTRESS WITH A BUILT-IN BEDBOARD

Many people with back problems will find relief in this new mattress. Between the springs, *up close to your back*, is a built-in bedboard to bring you real relief.

Simmons consulted a group of doctors who suggested a mattress for people with backache. Why not a hard mattress or bedboard? A hard mattress can develop a sag which causes backache. And what good is a bedboard under a sagging mattress? It is true that no mattress can cure a backache caused by injury or spinal ailment. But what about backache from a mattress that sags?

Simmons answer is Back Care®: It is approved by doctors. Its bedboard is made of impregnated natural fibers, firm enough for real support, yet not so hard it spoils rest. Above the board are 312 springs for comfort. And 312 additional springs support the board.

30-night free trial. Try the Back Care mattress. If you are not fully satisfied after 30 nights—return it for a full refund of \$69.50.



BACK CARE by SIMMONS

Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization

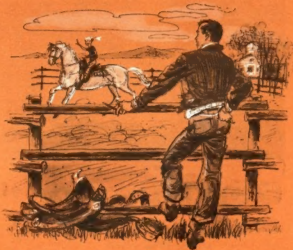


Al Hampel—stockbroker—father of four—ranch home Westport, Conn.—married secretary who “now dictates to me”—easily identified by red Austin Healy—likes smoking on sporty side, too—chooses trim Robt. Burns Panatelas.



Many leisure hours spent “reliving” Civil War—treasures vast collection of Brady prints—fond of Bruce Catton’s works—like General Grant, loves fine cigars—regards Robt. Burns Panatelas “mildest on market.”

Converted by wife to ballet, now ardent fan—thinks Royal Ballet’s “Swan Lake” the most beautiful thing in the theatre—loves listening to ballet music on new stereo outfit and puffing on a Robt. Burns Panatela.



Vacations with family on dude ranch—still prefers his Healy to a horse—but proud of daughter Susan’s equestrienne flair—feels her riding master well qualified because he knows horses...and cigars—guess which brand he smokes?

Robt. Burns Panatela De Luxe—2 for 27¢. Other distinctive shapes: 2 for 25¢—15¢ each—3 for 50¢—25¢ each.

The reason for Robt. Burns' unique mildness? Smooth Smoke* Binder Tobacco—a new form of tobacco, completely veinless for even burning... smoother smoking.

*T.M. Gen. Cig. Co., Inc.



Beryllium for the space age

Budd is fabricating—and welding—prototypes out of the costly and exotic metal, beryllium—and that's big news in space age metallurgy. Beryllium's combination of elastic, thermal and nuclear properties, combined with its amazing lightness, make it an ideal metal for a variety of space/atomic uses. Through Budd's advanced fabricating and

welding techniques, another obstacle to the use of beryllium has been overcome, bringing its application to space vehicles closer . . . one more foothold in the dash to the stars. Budd's beryllium pioneering is another example of the company's diversification in the study, testing and fabrication of metals. The Budd Company, Philadelphia 32, Pa.

Mainstreams of Budd's diversified interests: Railway, Automotive, Nucleonics, Space/Atomic, Electronics, Airframes, Missiles, Metals Testing and Plastics.

THE **B** **U**
Budd COMPANY
OFFICES AND PLANTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

TIME, APRIL 11, 1960



PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT—TENTH, HALF-GALLON, FIFTH, GALLON, HALF-PINT, MINIATURE, QUART

Portrait of a First Family in Scotch

Ballantine's

The more you know about the preference for Ballantine's Scotch, the more you will understand *why* this superb whisky is offered in such an array—the first Scotch to be available as a family of seven sizes.*

The wishes of our on-the-move friends are met in the compact Ballantine's Miniature, Half-pint and Tenth.

The famous book-square Fifth has been a

hospitality hallmark in homes and bars for over a century. More lavish, although designed for the same purpose, is the bountiful Quart.

The noble Half-gallon and Gallon-sized Ballantine's have lived some of the world's great parties and receptions. So choose your favorite measure of this illustrious brand.

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's.

*In those areas where the sale of such sizes is permitted.



"21" Brands, Inc. . . . NEW YORK CITY . . . BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 PROOF



Our Corporate Image

Until recently we had no idea what a Corporate Image *was*. In fact, for 12 years now, we have naively assumed that our sumptuous service, our comforting dependability, our multi-million-mile pilots and our warm Eastern ways were what had captured the hearts of millions of travelers throughout Europe, the Middle East and Asia. Now, as we plan to inaugurate

our New York-to-London Boeing 707 Intercontinental Jet service, we learn that every company in the U. S. must have a Corporate Image. Fortunately, our maharajah has come to symbolize a service so uniquely *personal* it has been known to flatter even potentates. So, with this Corporate Image firmly in mind, *seek out your travel agent for reservations*—soon!

Flights from New York to London, Europe and India every Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 9:30 PM, beginning May 14.


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HOW FAR WILL A FORTUNE GO? To most American families a check for \$10,000 or more is a bonanza, a windfall—a small fortune. But to a bereaved widow... How many teddy bears, how many meals, how much education will it buy? And always the question, "What will happen when it's gone?" ¶ You can save your wife and family a whole lot of worry by answering these questions now. And there is no one better equipped to help you than your friendly Travelers Agent. ¶ Building brighter futures through insurance of all kinds is his specialty. How can you get beneath The Travelers umbrella? Look up your Travelers Agent in the Yellow Pages. He's waiting for your call.

"One plan, one man, one monthly check to pay—that's the modern Travelers way!"

Be sure to watch the Masters Golf tournament on CBS Television—April 9-10.

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Insurance Companies HARTFORD 15, CONN.



TRIG. KEEPS A MAN SO ODOR-FREE A BLOODHOUND COULDN'T FIND HIM!

- 🐾 TRIG's the new deodorant designed specially for men!
- 🐾 TRIG checks odor up to 27 hours, perspiration all day!
- 🐾 TRIG protection builds throughout the day. That's staying power!
- 🐾 TRIG has a clean smell and a neat roll-on applicator.



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LETTERS

The Chessman Cover

Sir: While your March 21 Chessman cover is nauseating, congratulations on having the courage to print it.

H. L. ZIMMERMAN

Mountain, Wis.

Sir: "Shocked" can hardly express my feelings.

AUDREY B. FOESTE

Billings, Mont.

Sir: Boo to you.

GERTRUDE REBSTOCK

Los Angeles

Sir: It is a damn shame that horsewhipping of editors has gone out of style.

LEO F. FOCHA

Berkeley, Calif.

Sir: I must congratulate you on the completely dispassionate, logical, objective and impersonal manner in which you presented the facts in the Chessman dilemma.

JOHN STRANACK

New York City

Crime & Punishment (Contd.)

Sir: Re capital punishment: one's own motivating forces and morals are the actuating or deterring factors. Even the question of incarceration does not preclude crime. Why should the death penalty, fading as it is, obviate crime, when the first step after apprehension is prison?

GLORIA D. HOUGHTON

Miami

Sir:

The arguments against capital punishment all seem concerned not with the prisoner but with the collective conscience of humanity. If these people were truly concerned with the prisoner, not with themselves, they would favor capital punishment because it is humanitarian. Life imprisonment is a form of barbaric torture, indeed a cruel and unusual punishment.

STUART CAMPBELL

San Francisco

Sir:

The crime of murder is shocking in its impact on the public. So is the execution of the death penalty. Capital punishment also involves long periods of unhealthy sensationalism and emotionalism in trying a person for

his life. It is something the public should not be required to endure just because there are still people who state that capital punishment is a deterrent, though they have no proof of it.

PHILIP H. BUNKER

Attorney at Law

West Roxbury, Mass.

Declaration of Independence

Sir: Your Feb. 29 article on Larry Fleischman's collection of American romantic painters says that John Sloan once attempted to proclaim a republic in Greenwich Village from Washington Square Arch. It was a student of Sloan's, one Gertrude Drick, termed "the



Kraushaar Galleries

SLOAN'S "ARCH CONSPIRATORS"

Golden Bird," who instigated the revolution. Gertrude Drick (who carried black-bordered cards engraved with, "because Woe is me") discovered a way to the Arch's top, decided to stage a revolution, and invited Sloan, Marcel Duchamp and others. After an all-night revelry with lanterns, red balloons and liquor, climaxed by Woe reading her "Declaration of Independence," they left the Arch with balloons still floating from the top.

Sloan did an etching of the revolution entitled *Arch Conspirators*.

JACK THOMAS

Spokane, Wash.

The Meaning of Calvary

Sir: I am not familiar with the script of the Oberammergau Passion play. Perhaps it does contain, or has contained, expressions of special blame and bitterness toward the Jews (March 21). If this is the case, they are the product of a too general Christian failure to comprehend the meaning of Calvary.

Christians can easily understand how the Jewish people could wish that this cross of

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
April 11, 1960

Volume LXXV
Number 15

TIME, APRIL 11, 1960



In the new Beechcraft Super G18, 6 to 7 people can travel in airliner comfort at over 200 mph, and enjoy "conference room" privacy.

Picture of men multiplying themselves

It's true. Over and over. It can happen many days a week; as often as your needs dictate. The top men in your company can be where the big decision needs to be made. They can multiply themselves with a Beechcraft Super G18.

Enroute they can brief each other on their own special aspect of the situation ahead. No time lost on the ground or in the air. And they travel in accommodations more conducive

to concentration than their own offices. A Beechcraft-borne conference is distraction- and interruption-proof.

Your top men get more done in less time. More profitable use of their time translates into more black ink. That's why a Beechcraft is a capital investment that can pay for itself.

For information on Beech financing and leasing plans, see your Beechcraft distributor or dealer.



Super G18 airliner features include separate passenger and pilot compartments, roomy center aisle, baggage compartment accessible in flight, and completely private lavatory.

Write for free booklet, "The Dollars and Sense of Business Flying," to Public Relations Dept., Beech Aircraft Corp., Wichita 1, Kansas, U. S. A.



New Beechcraft Twin-Bonanza seats 6, cruises over 200 mph. Supercharged fuel injection engines. New air-stair door. Optional couches.



New Beechcraft Bonanza with fuel injection has top speed of 210 mph. Seats four comfortably. 1,200 mile range. Amazingly easy to fly!

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SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

Let's get together! Join us for a ride—the smoothest and quietest you ever tried—in a new 1960 Oldsmobile. We'd like to show you what we mean by Rocket action. Wide-Stance stability, Guard-Beam Frame solidness, foam-cushioned comfort. And we'd like to prove that it's mighty satisfying to get out of the ordinary into an Olds . . . and to do business with an Oldsmobile *Quality Dealer*.
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

GO
OLDS
'60!

the Lord Jesus might be forgotten. All too often Christians themselves wish that they might be allowed to forget it; for when the people cried "His blood be on us and on our children!" they shouted not as the spokesmen of any religious group, but as the representatives of the whole human race. The Christian church has never taught anything less than this.

(THE REV.) HENRY SEARS SIZER JR.
St. Andrew's Memorial Church
Yonkers, N.Y.

He Likes Ike

Sir:

I am a great admirer of President Eisenhower, and wholeheartedly approve his foreign policy. In view of this, it is incredible that you should report [March 28] that I listed as an issue in the coming presidential contest "the U.S. foreign policy mess."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Hollywood

No Ghost

Sir:

My lawyer tells me that he received an inquiry from you as to whether my book, *Memoirs of a Professional Cad*, was ghost-written [March 28].

The answer is no, it was not. No one likes sitting on his astral plane more than I do, but I am far too stingy to contemplate being haunted by someone else's cut, so I am neither ghost-ridden nor ghostwritten.

GEORGE SANDERS

Lausanne, Switzerland

Unsafe from Tigers

Sir:

As TIME points out [March 14], Alex King might be an ex-cartoonist, ex-artist, ex-editor, ex-playwright, ex-husband, ex-dope addict and ex-writer, but until he becomes an ex-purveyor of truth (even King's brand of truth), he's made it as a man.

BILL RAKOCY

New Springfield, Ohio

Sir:

Author Alexander King, who refers to people as "adenoidal baboons," sounds himself rather like a noodleheaded tackbrain.

ROBERT CRANE

Ojai, Calif.

Man on the Flying Trapeze

Sir:

TIME made these simple mistakes [in the March 28 story on William Saroyan's play, *Sam, the Highest Jumper of Them All*]: 1) Sam Hark-Harkark [not Harkharkark]; 2) 100,000 [not 100,000 defective 33 (not pound) notes].

Now, opinion. There has been no "return to creativity," because there has been no departure from it. Why does TIME imagine that a writer "has long seemed written out" simply because TIME hasn't written about his work? The tiresome technique of TIME operates only on the premise that when TIME writes of somebody he is discovered, resurrected from the dead, or born again. This is pure ----, and as there is no other word for it, you ought to permit the word to appear in this letter.

"Pure Saroyan?" You are determined to pretend that I must go back to something that is real only in your own head. Why doesn't TIME report the news of the late 1920s and the early 1930s, when TIME first came out? TIME was really TIME then, and the news was really nice news, wasn't it?

WILLIAM SAROYAN

London

© SHERY, INC. Ed.

Through a Glass, Darkly

Sir:

In your story on British liquor licensing laws [Feb. 18], you say that ingenious Londoners can drink round the clock. I tried it. They can't. There is no Running Donkey at Paddington. There is a Running Horse; it shuts at 11 p.m. There are two pubs called The Cock at Euston, but neither is open before 11:30 a.m. As for The Eagle, Southwark—it shuts just when you say it opens.

NIGEL PEREGRINE LLOYD

London

¶ After its own try around the course, instead of taking other pub-crawlers' word for it, TIME concedes that thirsty Londoners can, by careful planning, rack up 14½ hours of drinking time in 24. By judicious changing of pubs, they can drink from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m., and from 5 a.m. to 9:30 a.m.—enough to set even Big Ben spinning.—Ed.

Breadwinner

Sir:

I wonder if Mrs. "Pepperidge" Rudkin [March 21] has ever eaten a real, long, fresh, crunchy French loaf. Has she ever tasted the hard, dark bread from the Canton Valais in Switzerland? If she had, she would not have the gall to talk about showing Europe "how to make good bread."

GEROLD BAUMANN

Indianapolis

Sir:

My wife and I have one question: What became of Mrs. Rudkin's son Mark? Henry Jr. and William are vice presidents of the company, according to your piece, but what does Mark, whose allergies inspired Mrs. Rudkin to begin baking, do?

BEN ALLEN

Danboro, Pa.

¶ Mark lives in Paris, eats French bread.—Ed.

Another Ray

Sir:

Hev! The Ray Lincolnholll you were talking about in your Feb. 15 issue, who stayed overnight at a Butler University fraternity and left with some of the brothers' possessions, is not me.

RAY C. LINCOLNHOL

Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Good Old Days

Sir:

May I comment on your March 21 article on English nannies. Although many promising "girls from the village" are still employed, England has, for almost a century, had two major nursery nurses colleges, Norland and St. Christopher's. I am a graduate of the former. Most of the English nannies who are with prominent families are from such a college. Some of my fellow students married their employers' brothers, but there were always the few who ran off with the chauffeur. In the first job I had, I took care of the children of my employer's first wife—he had divorced her to marry the nurse.

Now I am a housewife, and your article brought back glorious memories of being served my meals by a butler, never having to wash a dish, and nothing to do but be a cozier companion to my charges while we followed the sun around the world.

BLANCHE REID

New York City

RARELY THERE COMES A GREAT FRAGRANCE...



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...cherished by smart
women as one of the world's
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OCT. 8, 1871...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE



It's a peaceful evening—just right for smoking an extra pipe before going to bed. That's exactly what drayman Dan Sullivan is doing on DeKoven Street when he glimpses the first flicker of flame in the barn across the way. Fire! The cry is heard again and again that long night and throughout the following day and the next. Flames leap from building-to-building and block-to-block—until the heart of Chicago lies in ruins.

Prominent among the insurance organizations involved in this catastrophe was Royal-Globe. Prompt payment of \$3¼ million by Royal-Globe gave meaningful

support to the Tribune editorial of October 11th—"Chicago shall rise again."

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest and most respected insurance groups in the world. In the United States alone, the Royal-Globe Group has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!*

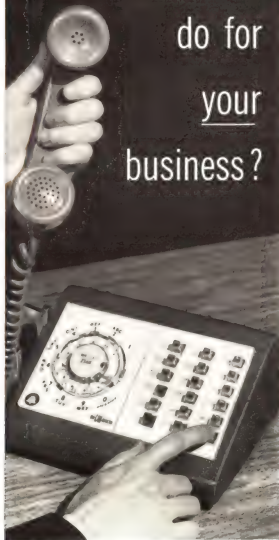


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the new
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Available in 18-button and 30-button models—in gray, green or beige, with contrasting face plates.

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in these typical statements from
enthusiastic Call Director users...*



George W. Bailey, Vice-President, Chapman Drug Company, Knoxville, Tennessee: "We are delighted with the many advantages the Call Director gives us over our previous telephone system. This small, space-saving unit does what several pieces of equipment did before. We can now pick up 12 incoming and outgoing lines, plus a new intercom line, at each of our 31 Call Director locations. Functionally, this equipment certainly lives up to its name—and it's smart-looking, too."



M. R. Speier, Manager, Badger Body Mfg. Company, Omaha, Nebraska: "We don't know how we ever got along without our Call Director telephones. With our six sets, we can accept three or four incoming calls at the same time. We can add more lines as our business grows, without disturbing our people, our routine, or the system itself. Our customers like the efficiency of the system and its businesslike appearance. The Call Director has done everything you said it would."



C. B. Bobo, Branch Manager, Southwestern Investment Company, El Paso, Texas: "Our new Call Director communications system has been in operation for 60 days—and it has solved every one of our telephone problems. We have all the lines we need now, and plenty are still available for future growth. We depend heavily on the telephone to service our dealers and customers. The Call Director is helping us do the job right."

Learn how the Call Director telephone with Bell System intercom can be tailored to the exact needs of *your* business. Just call your Bell Telephone business office, and a representative will visit you at your convenience. No obligation, of course.

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"Now I fly to my territory, cover it like a blanket with a Hertz car, then drop the car at a nearby Hertz office and fly home. No time-consuming back-tracking or wasted hours. And there's only a small service charge!"

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HERTZ puts you in the driver's seat!

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Discover why it's always a treat to go Royal Dutch. Make your reservations to Europe now on the KLM Douglas DC-8 — Deluxe or Economy Class. Non-stop from New York, starting in April. Remember, all spring and summer long, Holland is host to the Floriade, world's greatest outdoor flower show. See your travel agent or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines.



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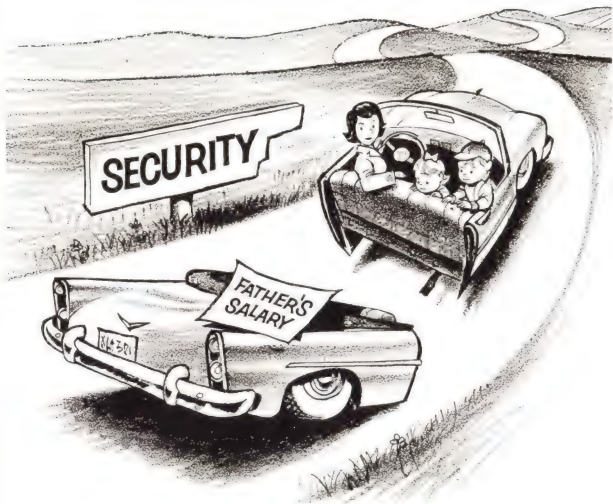
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**YOU
HAVE
NOT
CONVERTED
A
MAN
BECAUSE
YOU
HAVE
SILENCED
HIM**

(John, Viscount Morley, On Compromise, 1874)

Ben Shalom



Your family can't get far in part of a car

When a family loses father, it loses his salary too.

What part of their accustomed income would your family get? What part would your Social Security, insurance and other assets give them? Ask yourself, how will they adjust?

They cannot develop partial appetites, live in part of a house, buy half a pair of shoes, pay a fraction of a doctor bill, a semester of college.

Because they "can't get far in part of a car," what minimum income would your family need to live the way you feel they should?

Your Metropolitan Man can help you figure it out. Let him analyze your situation, tailor-make a plan to suit your family's needs.

You may be surprised to find how much protection you can have—and afford—with an expert plan. And today your Metropolitan Man can work out your special program from the widest selection of policies in Metropolitan's history, with the newest and most flexible provisions and benefits.

Call your Metropolitan Man today.

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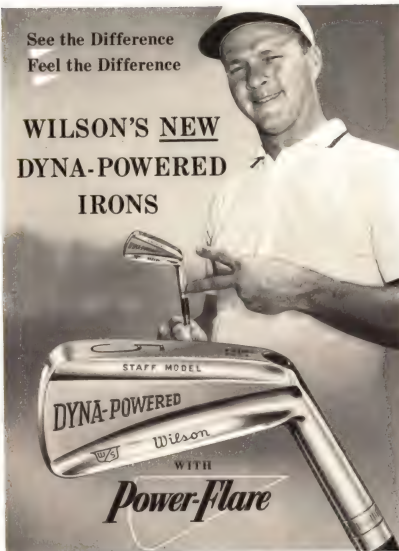
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NEVER FAILS



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Feel the Difference

WILSON'S NEW DYNA-POWERED IRONS



"There's a big double difference for you in Wilson's new Dyna-Powered irons with Power-Flare," says former Masters champion Arnold Palmer. "It's extra distance and added control when the pressure is on."

Look down the shaft from grip to head, *the money view*. From hosel to toe, Power-Flare distributes the weight perfectly for every iron in the set. The new Staff-Pro shaft controls torsion for an extra measure of accuracy. And the new Pro-Tack grip is just what the name implies in all kinds of weather and for the entire life of the club.

Swing the Dyna-Powered irons at your pro shop. Find out what the Wilson Dyna-Powered difference can mean to your game.

*Member of the famed Wilson Advisory Staff.



Win With
Wilson



WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., CHICAGO
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

MISCELLANY

Homework. In Baghdad. Author Salih Salman complained to police that his house had been ransacked while he attended a debate about his latest work. *There Are No Thieves Any More.*

On the Nose. In Denver. Motorist Jay E. Shideler was found "not responsible" for veering into a parked car after he explained that he lost control when a grasshopper landed on his nose.

Trademark. In San Francisco. Process Server Guy E. Vancey, 19, quit his job after delivering his first summons because the recipient mistook him for a burglar, threw him to the floor, tied him up with twine, kept him bound until cops arrived.

Talk Dodger. In Hutovo, Yugoslavia. Petar Mustafic, 90, who had not said a word in 40 years, began to talk, explained that "I just didn't want to do military service, so I stopped talking in 1920. Then I got used to it."

Mysterious West. In Milwaukee, when Marquette University Student Jane da Silva, a native of Bombay, India, picked up her saris at the cleaners, her bill read: "Two tablecloths at 52¢."

Preventive Medicine. In Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, when a police recruit was asked, during a first aid test, "How would you arrest a hemorrhage?" he answered: "I would put my hand on his shoulder and warn and caution him."

Clear Solution. In Memphis. James Neal was freed from a drunk charge after he told the court that he was merely trying to cure a gallstone attack with a remedy compounded of beer, Epsom salts, vinegar, water, gin and laundry bluing.

Checkmated. In Los Angeles, after filing for a divorce from her 14th husband Beverly Nina Avery 49 was asked what she planned to do next, replied "I don't know. I've been so busy getting married and divorced I don't have a talent for anything else."

Hidebound. In São Paulo, Brazil after Pedro Seratin, 28, fired two bullets into his head, another two into left lung hit himself over the head with a hatchet, and began working on his throat with a saw, neighbors rushed him to a hospital where doctors pronounced him in good condition.

Match Play. In London, after Edward George Carter, 39, testified that his wife had slapped him in the presence of his stepmother, left him in the middle of a dance floor, smacked him on the head with a potted plant, and hidden the family supply of tea, the judge dismissed the divorce suit on the grounds that such incidents amount to "a case of ordinary wear and tear of married life."

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DOUST



PURTELL



JAMIESON

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

I GAVE up smoking," said Associate Editor Ed Jamieson, as he put his finishing touches on this week's tobacco industry cover story. He was hunched forward over his desk, collar open, tie loose, lips pursed around a smoldering king-size cigarette. "But I haven't made an issue out of it," he shrugged. "I fall from grace once in a while. Why deny myself?"

Writer Jamieson once needed up to three packs a day to smoke out a cover story (he has written 15) but he claims that he fueled this one with ten isolated cigarettes. "When I was writing about the psychological satisfactions of smoking, I'd happily light up," he said. "When I turned to the part on cancer, I'd sadly snuff it out." Business Editor Joe Purtell, who has smoked little since corn-silk days, takes a cigar "when given to me," smoked two while editing the cover story (both were gifts). Purtell's favorite smoking instrument is his ancient, 13-in. churchwarden, now held together by tobacco tar and Scotch tape. "With this pipe I can lean over a typewriter and smoke won't get in my eyes."

A pipe smoker of more regular

habit, Correspondent Dudley Doust collected material on Bowman Gray and R. J. Reynolds during a 2½ week visit to Winston-Salem, N.C., was strafed so steadily with fresh cigarettes that he puffed down about a pack a day—"more than I've smoked since we made roll-yours-owns out of cattails when I was a kid in Syracuse, New York."

If the men who worked on TIME's cover story are something less than fumaroles, the women make no secret of their affections. Head Business Researcher Mary Elizabeth Fremd burns up more than 20 cigarettes a day, prefers her smoke unfiltered. Researcher Piri Halasz, who went through hundreds of reports, pamphlets, company statements and books for Jamieson, has been a smoker since her freshman year at Manhattan's Barnard College: "I tried hard to start in high school, but I didn't like the taste." She now smokes at parties and at work. But she wouldn't think of smoking alone.

"We don't really need cigarettes anyway," said Writer Jamieson to his colleagues last week. Picking up a pencil, he put the upper end between his lips and dragged away.

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WHAT DOES A WISCONSIN INSURANCE COMPANY
HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR GROCERY LIST?

Wausau Story

in FLORIDA'S CITRUS INDUSTRY

by John M. Fox, President,
Minute Maid Corporation, Orlando, Florida

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"Problems like these call for men with specialized experience and demonstrated ability. Our own men must

have these qualities, of course... and so must the men from companies that provide the services we need.

"Employers Mutuals of Wausau has the men who meet these requirements. As policyholders, we get the benefits of their experience in food processing plants all over the country. We get the benefits of having Wausau Men work with us so that we can work safely.

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John M. Fox, young and dynamic president of Minute Maid Corporation, is recognized as the founder of the frozen concentrate industry and one of the outstanding leaders in food processing.

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Eddie Mew (right) has a record of almost 1,500,000 miles of safe driving. At the Driver's Training School Eddie measures the distance needed to bring his fully loaded truck to a stop on signal. **Lucky Norris** (left), Minute Maid Fleet Supervisor and **Paul Holmes**, Wausau Safety Engineer, assist with the test.



Ed Waters, Employers Mutuals Man, has a Minute Maid radio-telephone in his car so that he can keep in constant touch with all operations from groves to plants... and be available without delay wherever his help is needed.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Toward Disarmament?

During the long, tortuous nuclear-test-ban wrangle between the U.S. and Russia, it often seemed that neither side really expected a test ban, that the wall of suspicion between the two nations was unbreachable. But two weeks ago, the world caught a glint of something that hinted at Russian willingness to negotiate. At the U.S.-British-Soviet test-ban conference in Geneva, Russian Delegate Semyon K. Tsarapkin made what seemed to be a significant concession.

In a departure from Russia's longtime insistence that a nuclear test ban must start with a flat ban on all tests, detectable or not, Tsarapkin agreed to accept the U.S.'s distinction between 1) detectable tests, which the U.S. is willing to ban if an adequate detection system is worked out, and 2) smaller underground tests, which the U.S. is not willing to include in the treaty ban because at present there is no known practical way of detecting them (see box next page). Said Tsarapkin: Russia will agree to a treaty banning only tests above the threshold of detection—provided that the U.S. and Britain agree to a "voluntary" moratorium on subthreshold tests while experts work out better detection techniques.

Through the Haze. At the President's Camp David mountain retreat in Maryland last week, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and President Eisenhower discussed the Soviet proposal over the course of two days, agreed on a joint statement accepting a "voluntary moratorium" on below-threshold tests—provided that Russia enter into a treaty banning detectable tests under an adequate inspection system, and agree to a "coordinated research program" for improving detection techniques.

Even before Macmillan's plane left London, the Administration had decided in its own councils to accept Tsarapkin's moratorium proposal in the interest of getting a test-ban treaty that might possibly lead to progress on disarmament. Cutting through the haze of passion that has often obscured the facts on both sides of the test-ban debate, the Administration had arrived at the conclusion that 1) a test-ban treaty would be well worth while if it made possible eventual progress toward controlled disarmament; and 2) Russia would probably not risk trying to cheat an inspected test ban, and—most

important—could not gain any really decisive advantage even if it did cheat.

In the sessions that hammered out the decision to accept the Soviet moratorium proposal, Air Force Secretary James Douglas, sitting in for traveling Defense Secretary Thomas Gates, made it clear that the Pentagon, to a surprising extent, had come around to a conviction that the chance for an inspection agreement outweighed the risks and costs of a test ban. Central Intelligence Agency Chief Allen Dulles reported that the CIA had no evidence that Russia had ever shown any interest in testing to develop tactical nuclear weapons. Any break in Russia's wall of suspicion and secrecy, he added, would be to the U.S.'s interests. Atomic Energy Commission Chairman John McCone, arguing that the U.S. needs underground tests to develop tactical nuclear weapons, found himself almost alone in the Administration's top councils, and at the end the President ruled against him.

Merely the Beginning. The President's moratorium decision left plenty of obstacles still lying in the way of a safe-

guarded test-ban treaty. For one thing, the Russians may really not want any agreement at all, may be dangling concessions to prolong the talks and thus achieve their original aim of getting the U.S. to halt nuclear tests without any agreement on inspection. On this, the U.S. might get a better reading at the summit in mid-May. But even if President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev resolve the basic conflicts on inspection and control measures at the summit, it will still take the test-ban negotiators months to work out the details.

After a treaty is signed, it will take two years or more to set up a functioning detection system. As the U.S. learned after the armistice in Korea, reaching a truce with Communists can be merely the beginning of harassments and frustrations. And even if the detection system is effective, the problem of constant patrol and vigilance is just beginning. Perhaps a greater danger than the risk of undetected underground testing is the risk that the U.S. would be lulled into relaxation by the mere existence of an agreement.



MACMILLAN & EISENHOWER AT CAMP DAVID
Cutting through the haze that has obscured the facts.

Edward Clark—Lia

A TEST-BAN PRIMER

Who called the Geneva test-ban conference?

On Aug. 22, 1958 President Eisenhower announced the suspension of U.S. nuclear tests as of Oct. 31, 1958, and invited the U.S.S.R. to a test-ban conference in Geneva.

For what reason?

The Eisenhower Administration conceived a test-ban treaty as a possible step toward controlled general disarmament. In 1955-57, when Russian propagandists were clamoring for a ban, President Eisenhower insisted that he would negotiate one only as a part of a larger package, including a halt in production of nuclear materials for weapons purposes, and other steps toward disarmament.

Why is the U.S. now discussing a ban apart from disarmament?

President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Herter hope that a test-ban treaty will be a "first step" toward disarmament. One of the biggest obstacles to any disarmament agreement with Russia is an almost paranoid Soviet wariness toward Western inspection and control proposals. Eisenhower and Herter think that if a test-ban control system could be negotiated with the Russians, it might be a "breakthrough" on disarmament control problems.

When did the U.S. stop nuclear tests?

On Oct. 30, at the end of the Hardtack test series in Nevada. The series included three underground tests of various sizes.

Did the U.S.S.R. also suspend nuclear testing?

Not right away. It carried out a series of tests in the fall of 1958, which scientists agreed were very "dirty"—meaning that they created a lot of radioactive fallout. This was several weeks after the start

of the Geneva Conference. As far as the U.S. knows, the U.S.S.R. has not done any testing since then.

What would the U.S. gain from a test-ban agreement?

The stopping of all above-ground tests by Russia and Britain (as well as the U.S., of course) and perhaps some progress toward making outer space off limits for nuclear shots. President Eisenhower and Secretary Herter also believe that it would be good to get the nuclear rules set up before other nations begin to manufacture nuclear weapons.

Would a nuclear treaty have to be approved by the U.S. Senate?

Yes, by a two-thirds majority.

Would the U.S. lose any of its present bombs by the treaty?

No.

How many bombs does the U.S. have?

The number is classified, but the U.S. does have a widely diversified and dependable "family" of bombs and warheads. These range from small, low-yield, lightweight weapons used by ground and naval forces to the big H-bombs carried by B-52s. Furthermore, there are nuclear devices for antisubmarine warfare, antiaircraft, air-to-air missiles and intercontinental missiles.

Do the bombs and warheads deteriorate?

No, they need maintenance but they remain lethal.

Is the U.S. supply enough to obliterate Russia?

Many times over.

Would the treaty banning above-surface tests injure development of further big bombs?

It is generally conceded that the U.S. has all the big bombs it needs.

Would the stopping of U.S. underground tests hamper development and refinement of small nuclear devices?

The warheads designed for the Polaris and Minuteman solid-fuel missiles, which the U.S. is depending upon to close the missile gap in the mid-1960s, pack a nuclear punch of about half a megaton, compared with an estimated eight megatons carried by Soviet intercontinental ballistic missiles, and about three or four megatons in the nose cone of the U.S.'s Atlas ICBM. With additional nuclear tests, the yield of the Polaris and Minuteman warheads could be significantly increased, although Admiral William Raborn Jr. has said he needs no further tests of the present Polaris warhead. Some U.S. scientists and military men would like further testing to develop "clean" nuclear weapons with little fallout. The U.S. has developed small warheads, with a yield of less than one kiloton,* for use in tactical weapons, but so far these small warheads are "dirty," and the dirtiness makes it difficult for troops to follow behind the bombardment.

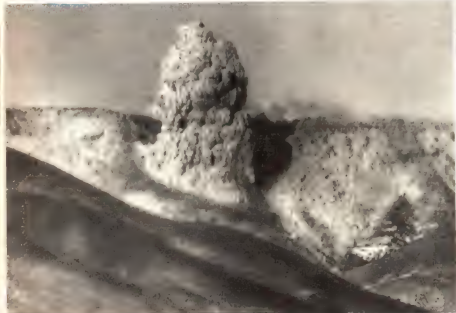
Would a halt in development of tactical nuclear weapons impair U.S. defense?

Some military experts think so, even if the U.S.S.R. did not evade the ban by carrying out clandestine tests. Development of tactical nuclear weapons making it possible for the U.S. to overcome Communist superiority in military manpower without resorting to mass-destruction H-bombs, has long been a hope and goal of U.S. military thinking. Former Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray argues that the only way the U.S. can escape from the "balance of terror" is to shift from reliance on mass-destruction H-bombs to reliance on tactical nuclear weapons. A test ban, he says, would stop development of such tactical nuclear weapons. Many earnest men who might otherwise be willing to go along with a test ban are haunted by the possibility that the U.S.S.R. would find ways to evade the ban and develop nuclear weapons superior to the U.S.'s. To guard against this possibility, the U.S. has insisted from the outset that any nuclear test-ban agreement must include an adequate system of detection and control.

How could clandestine tests be detected?

That depends on the kind of test. A test conducted on the surface of the earth or in the atmosphere is relatively easy to detect; it gives off radiation that can be

U.S. HARDTACK TEST SHOT FROM NEVADA TUNNEL (OCT. 1958)



* A kiloton is the equivalent in blast of 1,000 tons of TNT. The bomb that wrecked Hiroshima measured about 20 kilotons. In the strange vocabulary of nuclear weapons, a one-kiloton weapon is considered "small." A megaton is 1,000 kilotons, or the equivalent of 1,000,000 tons of TNT.

THE CONGRESS

detected at great distances and in minute quantities. But special difficulties arise with tests in outer space or underground. Testing in outer space is largely a theoretical possibility, but underground testing raises troublesome detection problems here and now. Neither fallout nor radiation escapes, and the only way to detect the test is to use seismographic instruments to pick up the earth tremors. Since there is no sure way to tell from the tremor's "signature" on the seismogram whether it was caused by an earthquake or an underground explosion, inspection teams are needed to make on-the-spot checks of suspicious tremors.

Would a system of seismographs and inspectors be pretty reliable?

The U.S. thought so when it entered in the Geneva conference in October 1948, but learned in the Hardtack underground test series in Nevada in September 1958 that no detection system using known methods could be depended upon to detect explosions of less than 19 kilotons.

If Russia entered into a test-ban agreement, would she be able to carry out clandestine tests?

Yes. Underground tests of much less than 19 kilotons could be carried out with slight risk of detection. And by going to a lot of expense, the U.S.S.R. could carry out tests much bigger than 19 kilotons without much risk. Under the "big-hole" theory worked out by U.S. scientists, an explosion in a very large, spherical underground chamber would be muffled by a factor of as much as 100 to 1, so that a 100-kiloton explosion would set up no stronger a tremor than an unmuffled one-third kiloton explosion, and would thus go entirely undetected. Excavating a big-enough hole half-a-mile underground would be exceedingly costly, but perhaps worthwhile if the U.S.S.R. very badly wanted to test a nuclear device bigger than 19 kilotons.

Is the Eisenhower Administration worried about the evasion possibilities opened up by the "big-hole" theory?

Worried, but not enough to pull out of the Geneva Conference. The Administration is going ahead, on the theory that no imaginable benefit the U.S.S.R. could gain from a nuclear test would be great enough to justify either a substantial risk of detection (which some think would entail a massive propaganda defeat for the U.S.S.R.) or the great expense of excavating a huge underground chamber (which would involve some risk because it would be difficult to hide the excavation work). More important, the Administration believes that the U.S.S.R. genuinely wants a test ban, partly because Soviet leaders are worried about a problem that also worries U.S. leaders: additional nations, notably Red China, may acquire nuclear weapons. In the Administration's view, Moscow's genuine interest in a test ban greatly reduces the risk that the U.S.S.R. might try to evade it.

Might for Rights

"The country is tired of this bill," said the Senate is tired of this bill," said Republican Leader Everett Dirksen to a colleague as the civil rights debate dragged toward the end of its second month. "All the political juice has been squeezed out of it." In the Senate, that once formidable bastion of Southern filibuster and fury, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and Minority Leader Dirksen had decided on a course of power and performance. Moving with sure control, they worked to get roadblocks out of the way of the substantial civil rights bill sent over from the House (TIME, April 4), a bill that notably strengthens Negro voting rights by authorizing federal courts to appoint voting referees. Among the tests met and bested:

¶ Senator Estes Kefauver, long a banner-waving Democratic liberal, but running for re-election this year in segregation-prone Tennessee, suddenly chose to attack the vital voting-rights heart of the bill with a crippling amendment. In the Judiciary Committee, Kefauver proposed an amendment that would change a would-be Negro voter's private hearing before the voting referee into a public hearing open to challenge by local officials. By the time civil rights partisans realized that this would gut the strongest part of the bill, Dixie Senators had rushed Kefauver's amendment through committee on a one-vote margin. In the confusion, Colorado Democrat John Carroll voted with the Southerners to his subsequent chagrin, and Wisconsin Republican Alex Wiley could not be found to vote at all. But on the Senate floor the Johnson-Dirksen team rallied their forces, smashed the amendment by a decisive 69-10-22 vote.

¶ Dirksen resolutely reversed his own month-old vote in the drive for unity, voted to make it a federal crime to obstruct any order by a U.S. court—not just an order concerning school integration, Dirksen's switch-over to the broader proposal helped line up a 68-10-20 majority for this amendment.

¶ New York Republican Jacob Javits, wheelhorse for the civil rights team, tried to delay Senate action on his proposal giving permanent, statutory standing to the President's Committee on Government Contracts, now a temporary committee chaired by Vice President Nixon. Republican Dirksen backed Democrat Johnson's move to force Javits to "stop talking and start voting." Red-faced, Javits turned control of his amendment over to Dirksen, who promptly put it up for brief debate, quick defeat by a 48-38 vote.

Soon after the North's Javits, like the South's Kefauver, went down to defeat, Senators adjourned to rest their frayed nerves, prepare for this week's drive to finish their long-delayed job of buttressing the voting rights of Negroes. So sure of victory was Majority Leader Johnson that he began practicing on office visitors a triumphant address celebrating the final vote.

Election-Year Casualty

On a 9-10-7 vote, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week postponed "to a later time" (translation: to a later session of Congress) any hopeful attempt to repeal the so-called Connally Reservation of 1946, a roadblock to effective U.S. use of the World Court for settling international disputes. Both President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon had sought the abolition as a step toward world rule of law. Secretary of State Christian Herter and Attorney General William P. Rogers took strong stands in testimony before the committee. The move to repeal was sponsored by Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, had the support of other key Democrats. More than half the Senate favored abolition.

But the reservation, superimposed on the resolution that commits the U.S. to participation in the World Court, can be abolished only by a treaty-ratifying two-thirds vote of the Senate. Party leaders polled members, found too many up-for-election Senators afraid to stand on a hot issue not yet understood by millions of voters. Rather than suffer a damaging defeat, the Humphrey amendment's supporters decided to mark time.

Pension Winds

Ulysses' ancient Odyssey with a bagful of spirited winds had something in common with the voyage that Arkansas' Wilbur Mills, chairman of the powerful House Ways & Means Committee, embarked on last week. With Mills' hand on the tiller, the House committee killed off by a vote of 17 to 8 (ten Republicans, seven Democrats, two eight Democrats) the Forand bill (TIME, April 4), which would provide old-age medical and surgical benefits to Social Security pensioners at a cost—to be paid for by increased Social Security taxes—estimated to run \$2 billion in the first year and up to \$7.5 billion by 1980.

But the Forand bill, hardly perennial introduced by Rhode Island's Aime Forand, 64, is piling up bagfuls of mail at the Capitol, so much in fact that the Eisenhower Administration is working up a substitute proposal. Conservative Democrat Mills fears the Senate will unleash the old-age medical-aid winds before session's end, is braced to stand against them when a Senate bill comes sailing back to the House for approval.

BUREAUCRACY

Cranberries Redeemed

Just before last Thanksgiving, the Health, Education and Welfare Department caused a panic in the cranberry market by claiming that a weed killer improperly used in some cranberry bogs might cause cancer in humans. The widely publicized alarm left 66% of the '59 crop still on the market. Last week the U.S. swallowed the indignant growers' sauce, promised to pay \$10 million in indemnities for the nation's unsold, uncontaminated stocks of cranberries.

REPUBLICANS

Safe from Tigers?

Like Little Black Sambo's tigers whirling around the palm tree, the Democratic candidates chased each other madly through the primaries last week, generated most of the political motion, and produced most of the headlines. In the face of such furious activity, Republicans felt a certain uneasiness. In Vice President Richard Nixon, they knew, they had a strong and battle-tried candidate, but was the G.O.P. losing political advantages, marking time? The latest Gallup poll showed Nixon trailing Democratic Front Runner John Kennedy 47% to 53%—putting Kennedy a poll ahead of Nixon for the first time since Nixon's trip to Moscow last summer.*

Sensing the doubts, Dick Nixon set out last week to dispel them with a pledge of

green light from the White House. "He would be absolutely stupid," President Eisenhower told his press conference last week, "if he said that you were going as far as the record of this Administration would carry you and then stop." Added Ike: "If he doesn't say that he is going to build on what has been so far accomplished, I think he would be very foolish."

Two days later, at a luncheon of the board of directors of the National Federation of Republican Women, came a second White House endorsement. Said Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty: "Personally, I sincerely believe that the Vice President is the only person, in either party, with the years of training and experience . . . and the wisdom that comes from experience . . . to qualify him to succeed President Eisenhower."

No opium smoker, Nixon was already drafting specific planks in a program that

is going to base his case on the Eisenhower record, reasons Nixon, it behooves him to help make that record as good as possible.

After he is formally nominated next July, Nixon promises to begin a campaign that will take him "into every state, city and town that limitations of time, space and physical endurance will permit." As an adjunct of that all-out campaign, there is talk that he will charter a Boeing 707—a campaign plane that will enable him to jet in 1960 style from a New York pre-dinner meeting to a Chicago dinner session to a major evening political speech in Los Angeles, and back to Washington in the space of a single campaign day.

Veep, Anyone?

On most Republican dream tickets, **Nelson Rockefeller** is still the No. 1 choice for the No. 2 spot. Paired as Vice President with Richard Nixon, he would have a strong attraction for independents and dissident Democrats across the U.S., not to mention a powerful pull in New York and the other Eastern seaboard states. Last week a couple of high-level comments brought Rocky's name once more to the fore. In New York, Dick Nixon's good friend Tom Dewey warmly endorsed Rockefeller for Vice President, and at his Washington press conference, President Eisenhower added a cautious amen: "If Mr. Rockefeller were nominated, he would be one that would be acceptable to me." But Rocky coldly rejected any such suggestions. "I absolutely, under no circumstances whatsoever, would be a candidate for the vice-presidency," he said before leaving on a Venezuela vacation. "Nor would I accept a draft for the same position."

Rockefeller's rejection was not taken as irrevocable. After all, Dick Nixon recalled, Earl Warren had been just as emphatic in his refusal in early 1948, but ran as Dewey's Vice President. Nixon would make no overtures to Rocky for the present, but until convention time he was not rocking the dream boat, either.

If Rockefeller is still unwilling in July, there are plenty who are willing and eager in April. Among the possible Vice Presidents being mentioned last week were several who could offer a geographical balance to a ticket with California's Nixon, New York's Senator **Kenneth Keating** or Massachusetts' **Henry Cabot Lodge**, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., have all the necessary East Coast credentials. Or Nixon could profitably pair up with a Midwesterner—either Indiana's Representative **Charles Halleck** or Interior Secretary **Fred Seaton** of Nebraska. If Texas' **Lyndon Johnson** is not on the Democratic ticket, and if Nixon decides to make a big effort to hold the Southern states that President Eisenhower captured in 1956—Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, Virginia, Louisiana—the geographical emphasis might shift southward. Kentucky's Senator **Thruston B. Morton** or, especially, Treasury Secretary **Robert Anderson** (a Texan and an erstwhile Democrat) could provide the necessary Southern accent.



THE NIXONS IN LINCOLN, NEB.
Ready to build beyond the record.

a dynamic, hard-hitting campaign that is already in the works. "Anyone who does not recognize that we are in for the fight of our lives must be smoking opium," he told a huge Republican rally in Lincoln, Neb. "I believe we will win, but we must expect this to be one of the closest and hardest fought campaigns in America's political history."

In launching his campaign, Nixon said, "We will be proud to run on our record. But we must not stop there. A record is something to build on, not to stand on. Stand-pat, hold-the-line thinking is not enough to meet the great challenges confronting the American people at home and abroad."

Green Light. One of Nixon's most vexing problems has been to find a tactful way to avoid being a prisoner of the Administration's record. On the heels of his Lincoln declaration, Nixon got a welcome

will stress many of the same ends of national well-being proclaimed by his Democratic opponents but will emphasize voluntary, nonfederal means. Items:

¶ Plans for urban renewal and medical assistance for the aged, stressing voluntary participation by states, municipalities and individuals, instead of programs keyed to federal intervention.

¶ A farm program recognizing the farmer as "a person who is not getting his fair share of America's increasing prosperity."

¶ A system of fostering economic growth, "not through increasing the size of Government, but by expanding the opportunities for creative enterprise by millions of individual Americans."

Low Key. As he shapes his program in Washington, aided by an ever-growing staff of experts and private research groups, Nixon plans to continue his low-key campaign, appearing occasionally at large public functions and working closely with Congress until adjournment. If he

* Only in the Midwest was Nixon leading—51% to 49%.

Should the Democrats fail to name Jack Kennedy or some other Roman Catholic as one of their candidates, then religious considerations may influence Nixon's choice, and the chances of Labor Secretary **James P. Mitchell**, a Catholic, would be enhanced. Or, if Dick Nixon decides that a progressive-conservative balance is the magic combination, Arizona's Senator **Barry Goldwater**, a conservative in excellent standing, would be a logical running mate.

In another category are the rising young Republicans of Nixon's own generation—men the Vice President admires and who fit his private junior-executive specifications for an able Vice President. Well up on his list of personal favorites are Michigan's Representative **Gerald R. Ford**, 46, a good friend since Nixon's early days in Congress; **Charles Percy**, 40, Chicago industrialist (president of the Bell & Howell Co.) and chairman of the blue-ribbon Republican Committee on Program and Progress (TIME, May 11, 1959); and Attorney General **William P. Rogers**, a New Yorker who is Nixon's closest friend and adviser in Washington. Any of the three would be eminently all right with Nixon.

POLITICAL NOTES

Rival's Revenge

After his booming victory in 1958, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller enjoyed a blissful first-session honeymoon with the grateful Republicans in control of the state legislature. But even as popular Newcomer Rockefeller got what he wanted in the way of tax increases and a pay-as-you-go budget, dark thoughts were percolating behind one steadily smiling face in the legislative crowd. Liberal, Manhattan-rooted Rocky had steamrolled uppstate Conservative Walter Joseph Mahoney out of the G.O.P. gubernatorial nomination, and Senate Majority Leader Mahoney was not disposed to forgive.

Convivial Walter Mahoney, a Republican Roman Catholic, was elected state senator from Buffalo at 28, three years out of law school, won his way by hard work and political savvy to the majority leadership in 1954. He soon formed a rural, right-wing opposition to Rockefeller's state-financed welfare program, demanded a token tax cut that Rocky fought off with the help and ill-concealed smiles of Democrats. Ten days after Rockefeller withdrew from the Republican presidential race, Mahoney endorsed Vice President Nixon—the only state party official thus far who has not followed Rockefeller's example of silence. But Mahoney saved his biggest blow to Rockefeller's prestige for the waning hours of the 1960 legislature.

Closest to Rockefeller's heart was a bill outlawing racial and religious discrimination in the sale, rental or financing of private, multiple-dwelling housing. The bill excluded one- and two-family houses occupied by the owner and dwellings in developments of less than ten units, but its scope went beyond New York City's



GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER
Lesson learned.

Fair Housing Practices Law.* The bill passed the assembly by a thumping 131-17 vote, but Mahoney shelved it in the Senate. Angry, Rockefeller said the maneuver did not "represent the feelings and beliefs of the great majority of the people of this state," hit back at Mahoney by refusing to go along on a bill creating 13 New York City supreme-court judgeships (\$34,500 a year for 14-year terms), one earmarked for a close friend of Mahoney's.

☞ Passed in 1958 and upheld by the state supreme court in its first test last week. Wrote Justice Aron Steuer: "Just because a man is a Negro, he is not, *ipso facto*, a desirable tenant. But the statute does not say that. It says the converse—because a man is a Negro he is not, *ipso facto*, an undesirable tenant."



SENATE LEADER MAHONEY
Injury remembered.

Also buried by Mahoney were Rocky's bills to 1) combine school districts and give them new tax powers, 2) provide tax relief for thousands of Manhattan commuters, who live in neighboring Connecticut and New Jersey but pay higher New York income taxes than residents, and 3) encourage, by tax deductions, voluntary construction of atomic fallout shelters in homes and commercial buildings. Originally advanced on a mandatory basis, Rockefeller's deadly earnest shelter plan was viewed as political poison by assemblymen, who sent it back to committee amid hoots of laughter that might some day have a hollow ring.

At week's end, a wan Nelson Rockefeller left Manhattan for a brief vacation at his Venezuelan ranch. To his rapidly growing file on practical politics, he could add another lesson learned: the best intentions of study groups, the most carefully drawn legislation, and even the best-laid political plans can be swamped in the tides of personal rivalry.

LABOR

Order from the Court

As Teamster Boss James Riddle Hoffa sees it, the most serious threat to his job security lies in the three-man board of monitors fastened on him by a U.S. district court in 1958 to oversee his promised cleanup of the racket-riddled International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Consequently, Hoffa has kept his 100-member legal staff busy harassing the monitors in court, and helping him find other ways around them outside the court.

For a while he seemed to be outflanking the monitors successfully. Monitor Chairman Martin F. O'Donoghue, harried by anonymous callers at home and picketed at his office, called meetings, found it all but impossible to round up Monitors Daniel B. Maher, Hoffa's minority member on the board, and Lawrence T. Smith, named by rank-and-file New York Teamsters who had charged that Hoffa's 1957 election was rigged.

When the monitors did meet, O'Donoghue's legal strategy was voted down. Monitor Smith, unaccountably reversing his former stand, accused O'Donoghue of being obsessed with "getting Hoffa." Then last fortnight Monitor Maher announced he would retire because of heart trouble. Hoffa named as his successor Detroit Lawyer William E. Bufalino, president of Teamster Local 985, a jukebox operators' and car washers' union described by the Senate rackets committee as "a leech preying upon workmen and women to provide personal aggrandizement for Mr. Bufalino and his friends."

Hoffa's bold-as-brass-knuckles nomination marked the end of the law's patience. Sternly, U.S. District Judge F. Dickinson Letts, 84, last week reminded Hoffa & Co. that the monitors are merely the court's helpers, that Hoffa must ultimately answer to him. The stocky, white-haired judge refused to accept Maher's resignation, then ordered Monitor Smith to resign. When he declined, Judge Letts fired



POLARIS MISSILE FIRED FROM DECK OF U.S.S. "OBSERVATION ISLAND"
Three years ahead of schedule.

him. ("You have been disappointing to the court in your failure to recognize your responsibilities and duties.") As Smith's successor, Judge Letts appointed a former FBI man: Bronx-born Terence F. McShane, 32, a federal agent in the 1956 Hoffa wiretap case who later conducted an investigation of the secretary-treasurer of Hoffa's home Local 299 in Detroit. That done, Judge Letts was ready to proceed with the showdown trial late this month of the monitors' civil suit against Hoffa on charges that he misused \$500,000 in union funds in connection with Florida real estate speculation.

ARMED FORCES

Blast-Off at Sea

Six miles east of Cape Canaveral one night last week, the 16,100-ton converted merchant ship *Observation Island* steamed an easterly course in gently rolling seas. The sea-going missile laboratory, fitted with exact duplicates of launching tubes aboard the Navy's two Polaris submarines, listed 2½ degrees to starboard. Deep below the ship's afterdeck, a tube holding a Polaris missile was tilted another seven degrees to guarantee that the missile would fire away from the ship. Suddenly, amid a great puff of white steam formed by compressed air, the sleek, 28-ft. missile whooshed 70 ft. into the dark sky, seemed to hang motionless for an instant, then ignited in a blinding white flash and roared 800 miles down the Caribbean sea.

Except that *Observation Island* lay on the sea's surface, this was the closest test yet to an underwater launching of Polaris on its urgent march toward operational deployment by late 1960. Premature burnout of the second stage cut 100 miles from the missile's programed flight, but the first complete test of the system's complex navigational, guidance and fire-control equipment was a success. Fort-

night ago, the Navy revealed, a dummy ("Dolphin") missile was ejected successfully by the submerged atomic sub *George Washington*, which will attempt an underwater, 1,200-mile Polaris shot in July.

The fast-paced Polaris project, a full three years ahead of original schedule, was pushed even harder as the Navy shifted \$52 million from other shipbuilding and reserve funds to speed seven nuclear subs now under construction, advanced operational dates by ten weeks. The Navy's eventual fleet of 18 nuclear Polaris subs (by 1964) will berth and load missiles at a new \$26.5 million base seven miles above the Charleston, S.C., harbor on the Cooper River. At dedication ceremonies last week, Rear Admiral William F. ("Red") Raborn, chief of the Polaris project, looked confidently beyond the Polaris' 1,200-mile range of 1960, predicted a 1,500-mile range by 1962 and an eventual 2,500-mile nuclear reach for the Navy's remarkable missile.

THE SUPREME COURT

"Rightful Cooperation"

On information supplied by a lesser Russian spy in the spring of 1957, the FBI cornered Master Spy Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, 22, in a New York hotel room. Since the other spy was afraid to testify in court against Abel, the best the FBI could do was ask the Immigration and Naturalization Service to arrest Abel as a deportable alien. Then came a break. In his room, when seized, Abel had plenty of incriminating evidence—cipher pads, 18 microfilms, phony birth certificates—to help convict him for espionage four months later. Sentence: a \$1,000 fine, 30 years.

Last week the U.S. Supreme Court upheld Abel's conviction, but in a sharply split (5-4) decision. The four dissenting justices (William Brennan, Hugo Black,

William Douglas, Chief Justice Earl Warren) agreed with Abel's court-appointed lawyer that the FBI had no right to use for criminal prosecution the evidence that was seized in the course of Immigration's "administrative" arrest (one not ordered by a court warrant). In his dissent, Justice Brennan charged violation of the spy's Fourth Amendment protections from "unreasonable searches and seizures." But the court majority reviewed each step of the case in a 24-page decision, found, as Justice Felix Frankfurter put it, that it indicated a good-faith example of "rightful cooperation between two branches of a single Department of Justice."

THE LANGUAGE

Sex & Foe Is Tin

There is no doubt at all that aristocratic Charleston, S.C., is among the fairest of U.S. cities, and it is certain that it is the proudest by far. How many Americans know (as Charlestonians do) that the Union (ugly word) consists of 50 highly questionable states and one highly sovereign city? And who else can go to bed at night with the comforting assurance that the Atlantic Ocean is formed by the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers—right over yonder in Charleston Harbor? Above all, Charleston has its own language, a tongue completely beyond the comprehension of most other Americans, including many South Carolinians.

Charlestonese is not an intelligible distortion of the American language in the sense that the dialects of Boston, Brooklyn and Davenport, Iowa are. It pays the merest thank-you-ma'am to Webster's English, draws a lot of its vigor and flavor from Gullah, an African slave dialect still spoken by the white and Negro populations of the rice islands along the South Atlantic littoral, adds a touch of Huguenot French and a dash of regional



LORD ASHLEY COOPER
Plenty for a balk's full of bucks.

accent that is as deep-rooted and mysterious as the brooding cypresses. Confronted with Charlestonese, philologists tremble.

Last week Charleston braced for the annual season of tourists (torstis), torrents of garden clubbers, northbound Florida winterers, southbound daughters of various revolutions, and an occasional English poet. The city and its outlying plantations never looked lovelier: after an unusually cold and wet winter, the azaleas and camellias preened in the soft spring sun; the alleys of live oaks, festooned in Spanish moss, led to another world. And as the torstis came—by tren and plen and cyah (there were even a few treeless in the new pyaks outside the city limits)—they could count on a reassuring new introduction to Charlestonese—and a vague understanding of what the natives were talking about: *Lord Ashley Cooper's Dictionary of Charlestonese*,* compiled by Columnist Frank (Cheaper by the Dozen) Gilbreth and published by the Charleston *News & Courier*, was selling like tiny bay shrimp on the streets of Charleston last week. So popular was the dictionary that Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater was persuaded to insert it, in its entirety, into the *Congressional Record*. (Significantly, Goldwater was named last fortnight as the presidential choice of South Carolina's minuscule Republican Party.) Items from the dictionary:

Air—What you hear |hair| with.

Arm—I am.

Balks—A container, such as a match box.

Bucks—Something the library is full of.

Coarse—Certainly.

Coined—Humane, e.g., "He was always coined to animals."

Faints—A barricade of wood or brick.

Hell—An elevation somewhat lower than a mountain.

Hepeat—Act of giving assistance to a feline.

Hot—An internal organ which, in every red-blooded Charlestonian, beats quicker when the hand strikes up *Diagie*.

Jell—Place of confinement.

Loin—Storying. Not telling the truth!

Mimmet—You and I have dined.

Passé—Father has spoken.

Sex—One less than seven, two less than eh-et, three less than noine, foe less than tin.

Tin Sin Slow—The foive and doyme.

Ashley Cooper's Dictionary goes a long way toward clearing up international misunderstandings, but several enlarged new editions will be required before the situation is fully in hand—as in a recent case when a Charleston girl flattened a Manhattan matron with the information that she and Wretched, after a lett dett, were goin' on the tren to Flettruck on Leeladee.†

* The first Lord Ashley Cooper, later the Earl of Shaftesbury, was one of the leading lords proprietor of the English Colonies, and the only one to give his names to the two rivers that form the Atlantic Ocean.

† She and Richard, after a late date, were going on the train to Flat Rock, N.C. (a favorite resort of Charlestonians) on Labor Day.

THE CENSUS

One, Two, Three . . .

There were 3,929,214 people (including slaves, but not untaxed Indians) in the U.S. in 1790, when Thomas Jefferson ran off the first census. Seventeen censuses later, the U.S. population figures to tumble over the 180 million mark. Last week around the nation, the census takers—170,000 of them—were going through travail and triumph to bring in the exact figures. Predictably, the nosy head counters were sure to have their hands full, for it has always been thus:

¶ In 1860, census takers were obliged to ask whether the respondent was perhaps a former convict, a pauper, or an idiot.

¶ In 1890, Negroes were officially classi-

poll of transients was that 400 conventioners in the hotel were deaf-mutes. (The census taker quickly printed his spiel on cards.) And probably the easiest count took place at the White House, where the head of the household informed the census taker that the place was regularly occupied (not owned or rented) by himself, his wife and her maid (all white), and that the house has running water, a flush toilet, and 132 rooms.

Similar questions were asked in the other 60 million households around the country as census takers defied barking dogs, splashed through floods, endured insects and threats to earn their \$13-a-day fee. At one dwelling out of four, the census takers left long questionnaires to be filled out and mailed. From these, the



CENSUS TAKER AT WORK IN GRAYS LAKE, ILL.
The important thing is that everybody counts.

fied as either black, mulatto, quadroon or octoroon.

¶ In 1930, an enumerator in The Bronx asked a woman questions about her husband. Her blast: "I haven't spoken to the big bum for 32 years, and I'm damned if I'll speak to him now for your benefit!"

¶ In 1950, an Atlanta census taker climbed to the top of a flagpole to count Flagpole Sitter Odell Smith, and in California one hard-working enumerator discovered a murder victim.

Head of the House. Last week, the census takers, outfitted with cardboard satchels loaded (14 lbs.) with forms and pencils, were running into the same human problems behind the statistics: A Boston man caught up with his census taker to say that he had understated his annual income by \$750; he did not want his wife to know about his extra pocket money. In Delview, N.C., a census taker found that the town's population had decreased by three; the 1960 count: four. At Detroit's Statler Hilton Hotel, the census taker discovered that the reason that many a guest failed to answer up in the

Census Bureau hopes to count freezers, radios and TV sets, etc., will make a study of transportation habits, age groups, income and population shifts.

Reapportionment. The chief reason for the census, as laid out in the U.S. Constitution, is to ensure equal representation in Congress. The earliest census fixed the ratio at one representative for each 33,000 people, gave the House 105 members. The ratio kept changing through the years, until 1929 when Congress froze maximum House membership at 435 (raised temporarily to 437 with the admission of Alaska and Hawaii) and fixed representation merely by dividing the population by that number: in 1950, it was one member for 345,000 people.

This year, after the Census Bureau notifies the President of its final count, it will transmit the information to Congress, which, in turn, will tell the Governor of each state the new ratio (roughly 414,000 people per representative). It will then fall to the state legislatures to reapportion their districts accordingly in time for the 1961 Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS

SOUTH AFRICA

From Mourning to Action

Johannesburg seemed strangely deserted in the bright Monday morning sun. Gone were the hordes of African delivery boys on bicycles that normally clog Commissioner Street. Gone were the black gas-station attendants, the elevator operators and the shop sweepers. That morning the boss made his own tea in the office, and the white housewife lugged her own parcels to the car after a round of shopping. For 95% of Johannesburg's Africans sat obstinately at home, mourning for the 68 hapless blacks cut down by the withering

door demanding that householders burn their hated passbooks. Wisely, the police kept their distance, for this was black fighting black in black territory.

So far, in Johannesburg as well as in Cape Town, where Mourning Day was also observed, all the violence, demonstrating and pass-burning had been in native areas. No procession had yet violated the main streets of white men's cities. In most areas African passions were ebbing. But in the next days, Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's government managed to change that.

Rule by Rifle. Ignoring pleas for moderation, the determined Nationalists intro-

duced their detectives fanned out in simultaneous raids throughout the nation to arrest scores of native leaders and suspected troublemakers. Chief Albert Luthuli, president of the African National Congress and a moderate who had now joined the radicals in advocating pass-burning, was awakened and hauled away at 2 a.m.; soon the police were picking up "dangerous" whites as well, including all the top leaders of Alan (Cry, *the Beloved Country*) Paton's little Liberal Party, except Paton himself, who commented, "I feel slightly disreputable. I must have slipped up somehow."

Into the Cities. The Africans reacted like lightning crackling across the *platteland* sky. That afternoon a procession of 30,000 headed into Cape Town itself, chanting slogans and singing as a pink police helicopter, fluttering overhead like a nervous butterfly, radioed the throng's progress ahead to headquarters. Hastily, platoons of troops took position outside Parliament, where the legislators were debating. Carrying no weapons, the throng demonstrated peacefully before Caledon Square police station, where a local batch of leaders had been locked up. Then, to the relief of the platoons of police troops standing ready to fire, the mob disappeared. But police radios crackled with news that the same thing was occurring in other towns on the cape—in Somerset West, at the coastal resort of Hermanus. At Stellenbosch, the university town 31 miles away, 5,000 Africans tried to march on the police station to turn in their passbooks and seek arrest, but were dispersed by a police baton charge.

Third Column. Now thoroughly frightened, the authorities mobilized the 3,000-man air force for standby alert and threw companies of armed soldiers and sailors around the two big African residential locations at Cape Town to prevent another march on the city, a move that also kept thousands of Africans from their jobs in a city already partially paralyzed by lack of labor. In the countryside the entire citizens' defense force of 23,000 civilian reservists was alerted and 40% of its units put on active duty. Truckloads of *skietkommandos*, mostly young Boer farmers recruited from rifle clubs, surged through the Orange Free State to take up positions in strategic areas.

But it was hundreds of miles away in coastal Natal that the lightning struck next. Out from the tough slums of Cato Manor, the big African location near the lovely port city of Durban, surged three phalanxes of angry blacks waving ax handles and carrying stones. Two groups were turned back by armored cars bristling with fast-firing Bren guns. But the third column headed for Central Prison shouting, "Give us our leaders!" before the police could stop it. It moved swiftly up handsome West Street, busiest of the shopping boulevards. Suddenly the police were firing, and within minutes three



SOUTH AFRICA'S BLACKS BURNING PASSBOOKS
They may take what the whites will not give.

hail of police bullets in the Sharpeville massacre a week earlier.

Most just sat and talked of the violent events of the past days, speculated fearfully of violence still to come. But some also drank from jugs of the fiery illicit *shakian* until it was time to meet the evening trains from town. Drunk and angry, they grabbed stones, sticks and jagged pieces of metal to greet the few Africans who had disregarded Mourning Day and had gone in to work for the white man as usual. Forming a human chain across the tracks, one gang stopped a commuter train, dragged off the dozen Africans aboard and kicked and beat them. Others used roadhead ballast stones to smash train windows, dragging one young African messenger off and amputating his hands with a broad-bladed knife.

By nightfall, Orlando and Alexandra townships, where 100,000 Africans live, were dotted with scores of dead and wounded as groups moved from door to

door demanding that householders burn their hated passbooks. Wisely, the police kept their distance, for this was black fighting black in black territory. So far, in Johannesburg as well as in Cape Town, where Mourning Day was also observed, all the violence, demonstrating and pass-burning had been in native areas. No procession had yet violated the main streets of white men's cities. In most areas African passions were ebbing. But in the next days, Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's government managed to change that.

"The situation is completely under control," said Verwoerd soothingly, but he acted like a man who feared imminent revolution on a national scale. Before dawn on Wednesday, even before the emergency declaration was fully in effect,

FOUR HORSEMEN OF APARTHEID

Abused, mocked and scorned by most of the world, South Africa's embattled Afrikaners look for leadership to four stubborn men who are the architects of apartheid and who believe so strongly in their own views that they are oblivious to any suggestion of change.

Dr. Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd, 59, South Africa's husky, silver-haired Prime Minister, was born in The Netherlands, but at two, was taken to South Africa, where his father became a Dutch Reformed missionary. Verwoerd (pronounced Fair-voort) was educated at Cape Province's Stellenbosch University, intellectual fount of Afrikanerdom, became a professor of applied psychology, which should have given him uncommon insight into the minds of his nation's 11 million nonwhites. Yet, in the wake of the first bloody rioting, he told an anxious white audience: "The Bantu are orderly and loyal to the government. They understand that we are thinking of their interests." In eight years as Minister of Native Affairs in the regimes of Daniel Malan and Johannes Strijdom, genial Dr. Verwoerd fashioned South Africa's tough segregation decrees. Using such criteria as the shape of noses and kinkiness of hair, his system classifies blacks, mixed-blood coloreds and Asians by race, then allocates to each a rigid, underprivileged place in society, in which his residence, travel, employment—even his drink—can be determined by government officials. The editor of the National Party's pro-Nazi *Die Transvaler* during World War II, Verwoerd once fought a humanitarian scheme to provide haven in South Africa for a shipload of Jewish refugees from Germany, likes to boast that none of his seven children were ever bathed or put to bed by a black servant. His main goal is to make South Africa a republic. He plans to hold a plebiscite on the issue this year, kicked off the campaign at a recent public meeting with the words, "We are not oppressors . . . we are Christians, and we attempt to do what is right."

François Christian Erasmus, 64, as Minister of Justice, has powers beyond control of any court, can "name" anyone a Communist or "ban" his right to travel and meet with others by simple decree—with no evidence needed. In the first month after he took over last December, stubby, hand-ome Frank Erasmus issued banning orders on eight people, an all-time record. And when last week the government decided to outlaw the only two African organizations of any substance, it was stiff, humorless Erasmus who stood in Parliament to introduce the legislation. The son of a Boer farmer, Erasmus was trained for the law, but plunged into Afrikaner politics at 30, attaching himself to a then obscure leader named Daniel F. Malan, whose new National Party spread anti-British hatred and sought a white-supremacist republic. When Malan's Nationalists swept into power in 1948, Erasmus became Minister of Defense, although he had never been a soldier and had actively opposed South Africa's participation in "Britain's war." Immediately, he stripped the revered, retired Jan Smuts of his honorific rank as commander in chief of the South African forces, set about changing army uniforms from the British model to a style reminiscent of the Nazis, and brought in loyal National Party men to take over the top posts. Erasmus beat the drums against the "Communist threat" but modeled his fighting

forces with a closer enemy clearly in mind: South Africa's own nonwhites. After a study of French tactics against Algerian rebels, he deployed the army far from the coasts in key areas of potential internal trouble. And last week the heavy lorries that rumbled south from the northern Transvaal toward the trouble spots were filled with the armed territorialists of the *skietkommandos* (shooting units), formed by Erasmus years ago with young *platteland* farmers for just such an occasion.

Charles Robberts Swart, 65, is South Africa's new Governor General, a position which technically makes him the representative of Britain's Queen Elizabeth and removes him from active politics. But gaunt, towering 16 ft. 6 in., "Blackie" Swart remains conspicuous in Afrikaner consciousness as a master builder of *apartheid* in his eleven years as Justice Minister. In the outside world, cartoonists have bestowed on him immortality of a sort as the "Man with a Whip," for his sponsorship of the notorious Flogging Bill in 1952, which made the lash mandatory for some crimes. He stood up in Parliament brandishing a cat-o'-nine-tails with the air of a man who would enjoy using it. When the opposition demanded that the number of lashes be reduced from 15 to ten, Swart cried, "What are five strokes among friends?" As administrator of the prisons, Swart expanded the system under which arrested Africans are handed over to white farmers for use as forced labor; many farmers now are allowed to build and maintain their own private regional jails, and Swart proudly attended the opening ceremonies of many such rural cell blocks as guest speaker. British newspapers protested as he bowed to kiss Queen Elizabeth's hand last December, recalling his bitter Anglophobia, which traces back to the Boer War when, as a small child, he was confined with his mother in a British concentration camp.

Eric Hendrik Louw, 69, is defender of the faith abroad. It has kept him busy. As Minister of External Affairs since 1955, Louw has had occasion at one time or another to pull his delegates out of UNESCO, the U.N. General Assembly, and sundry other international meetings, including last week's U.N. Security Council session, where the South African ambassador refused for a time to take a seat so long as his country was being exposed to the effrontery of the nations gathered to criticize *apartheid*. "If Field Marshal Smuts [who helped draft the U.N. Charter] could have foreseen to what lengths the U.N. would go in interfering in the domestic affairs of a member state," said Louw at the U.N.'s tenth anniversary ceremonies in 1955, "I am convinced he would never have agreed to South Africa's becoming a member." Another product of Stellenbosch, Lawyer Louw has long experience in the foreign service, serving in the U.S. as trade commissioner as far back as 1925 and as minister in 1929. In the late '30s, Louw was openly sympathetic with Nazi Germany's colonial demands, was a frequent guest in Berlin. His pet hates: foreign correspondents, whom he has charged with "encouraging" the natives to resist.



VERWOERD



ERASMUS



SWART



LOUW

Africans were dead and 22 wounded lay writhing in the street.

Closing Ranks. Where would it all end? The Nationalists seemed determined to make no concessions. Finance Minister Theophilus Dönges scornfully refused to meet an African delegation to discuss grievances. The Ministry of Bantu Administration sternly announced that the suspended pass laws would soon be reimposed, although with over a million of the hated passes now burned, attempts to enforce the rule would surely lead to increased rioting.

Verwoerd's men seemed more irritated than impressed when the U.N. Security Council, summoned into special session by Henry Cabot Lodge, passed a resolution calling on South Africa to "abandon its policy of *apartheid* and racial discrimination" without a dissenting voice and with the full support of the U.S. Even France, which has long resisted U.N. meddling in internal affairs because of its embarrassment over Algeria, contented itself with abstention. So did Britain, which could hardly be expected to vote against a Commonwealth partner. Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd declared flatly that his government considers *apartheid* "wrong and unworkable."

In South Africa voices of protest rose, even from within Afrikaner ranks. Nine leaders of the powerful Dutch Reformed Church, whose hierarchy long gave moral aid and comfort to *apartheid*, called on the government to reduce friction and uphold the human dignity of nonwhites; the influential Afrikaner paper *Die Burger* urged an end to the petty indignities Africans suffer. Economic pressures were also building up: ships had begun to bypass Cape Town, where the wharves are clogged with goods that cannot be loaded; managers of American firms urged their New York headquarters to hold off on further investment, hotels reported wholesale tourist cancellations, and shops in many cities closed for lack of labor.

Despite all this, the overwhelming majority of frightened South Africans seemed staunchly behind Hendrik Verwoerd's emergency measures, though rumor after rumor suggested a coalition government was in the offing to replace the present Nationalists with a more lenient regime. No one, however, could conceive of any Afrikaner government giving the Africans what they are demanding: a substantial measure of social and political freedom. It seemed tragically probable that this would be taken by the blacks, not given by the whites, and that much blood would spill in the process.

CENTRAL AFRICA

Gamble with the Wind

While South Africans jailed and shot blacks last week, the British freed a black who symbolizes demands for Negro self-rule in the shaky Central African Federation to the north. The symbolic figure is Dr. Hastings Banda, 55, fiery, U.S.-educated leader of the Nyasaland African National Congress, who was jailed last year after

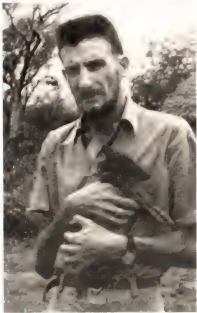
mass demonstrations much like those now exploding all across South Africa.

It was Britain's able, ambitious Colonial Secretary Iain MacLeod who took the bold gamble. The white Rhodesians who dominate the Central African Federation tried to dissuade him. They pointed out that Banda, self-styled "extremist of the extremists," had fought for a separate, all-black Nyasaland, shouting, "To hell with the federation!" Southern Rhodesia's Prime Minister Sir Edgar Whitehead had even warned darkly that if the blacks gained control in the north, Southern Rhodesia would secede from the federation.

But a week in Central Africa convinced MacLeod that the African "wind of change" was blowing too hard to be contained. There was a chance of bringing whites and blacks together, he concluded—but only if Banda was freed first.

Fearful that Banda's release would set off fresh violence in Nyasaland, Governor Sir Robert Armitage organized an elaborately secret "Operation 1066" to spirit Banda from his jail cell in Southern Rhodesia to meet MacLeod in Zambia. After a 90-minute session at Government House, Banda emerged jubilant.

The bush telegraph crackled that Banda was back, and within half an hour of his arrival at a friend's house in nearby Limbe, cheering blacks appeared outside as if by magic to cheer their messiah. From a balcony, he told his followers that he was going to London soon for constitutional talks. "Do not spoil my work," he warned. "If you listen to me, you will get your own government." MacLeod's gamble was daring but it was not novel. In the long recession of empire there was plenty of precedent—from Ireland to India to Cyprus—for turning the Queen's prisoner into the Queen's Prime Minister.



GAME WARDEN MATT
Safer with the beasts.

FRENCH AFRICA

Two More

Elsewhere in Africa the drive toward freedom moved on. Last week, 18 months after France granted them autonomy, two French Community members extracted from France formal agreements granting them full independence. They are: the Malagasy Republic, which occupies the 228,000-sq.-mi. island of Madagascar, off Africa's southeast coast, and the Federation of Mali, a union of the former French West African colonies of Senegal and Sudan.

Both fledgling nations want to remain in the French Community, but the French Constitution at present provides that any member desiring independence must leave the Community. De Gaulle is expected to ask for an amendment that will transform the Community into the shape of a loose alliance of free countries along the lines of the British Commonwealth. Likely target date for completion of the constitutional re-jigging and the formal proclamations of independence: next June.

IVORY COAST

Master of the Bush

The hero seemed unlikely enough—an obsessed French dentist named Morel with a passion for elephants. The creation of French Novelist Romain Gary, in his novel *The Roots of Heaven*, Morel had brooded in a Nazi concentration camp, conceived such a blazing reverence for life that, once freed, he took off for Darkest Africa to become a self-appointed protector of wild beasts threatened with extermination by onrushing civilization.

Living Character. Shortly after Gary's novel first came out in France in 1956, Gary had a long letter from a game warden living in the Ivory Coast territory of French West Africa. Raphael Matta, a Frenchman of Italian descent, seemed Morel sprung to uncanny life—though Gary and Matta had never met or heard the other's name. Like Morel, Matta had undergone a shattering World War II experience. An exploding land mine almost took his life, and left him totally deaf. Then one day he visited the Vincennes zoo. There he learned that 600 varieties of mammals are facing extinction; 110 species have already disappeared from earth just since 1800. Matta was relatively young (30), making \$280 a month in an export-import firm in Paris, and marked for advancement. But he never hesitated. He threw over both present prosperity and future prospects to take a \$160-a-month job as superintendent of the 2,000,000-acre Bouna game reserve, 500 miles upcountry from Abidjan.

Accompanied by his chic French wife Christiana, Matta set up housekeeping in a native hut. A slight (barely 100 lbs.) man with bristling black hair and piercing eyes, he had a strange way with the wild animals—antelopes, buffaloes, lions, elephants—that were his charges, walked fearlessly among the wildest and greatest beasts. He always refused to carry a weap-



THE KHRUSHCHEVS & WELCOMERS



IN A MARSEILLE MARKET



AT REIMS CATHEDRAL

Said the world's most belligerent peace lover: I knock his head off.

on against them. "If I did," he said, "even not to use it, the charm would vanish, for I would have the overwhelming conviction of having committed a betrayal of the animals' trust." He bathed with hippos, swam with a pet crocodile. Once he came upon a lion about to give the *coup de grâce* to an antelope, spoke sharply and stared the lion back into the bush.

The Master's Voice. In awe, the surrounding Lobi tribesmen referred to him as "*Kongo Massa*," or "Master of the Bush." But the Lobi men are hunters, and Matta's hippos and antelopes meant meat to them. Skins could be sold to white trophy hunters, and tribal Africans pay high prices for elephants' sexual organs for use in fertility rites. Matta had only nine men to protect an area twice the size of Long Island. He begged the chiefs to restrain the poachers. That failing, he appealed to his own French superiors in Abidjan for more money to hire more guards. They refused on political grounds: in modern Africa, the breech-clouted poacher may well be a duly registered voter. Whatever the provocation, the authorities warned, Matta must do nothing to injure or otherwise upset the Lobis, especially near an election.

After a new check of the animal population revealed that poachers had drastically reduced their numbers, Matta became more and more fanatic. Buckling on a carbine, he began raiding poachers' villages, confiscating arms, and talking vaguely of a world parliament to protect wild things. He sent wild letters to his French superiors in Abidjan: "It is now no longer possible to drive me from Bouna without hayonets and unpredictable consequences. I am all-powerful because my faith will rise above mountains."

The Limits of Faith. When some Dioulas complained to Matta of some slight inflicted by the Lobis, Matta took them in tow and set off for the Lobi village.

It was a time dedicated to ceremonies initiating young warriors and honoring the dead, and outsiders were forbidden. But at an imperious command from the *Kongo Massa*, the Lobi warriors laid down their arms. Just then a Dioula lunged for the pile of weapons. Already worked up to a religious frenzy, the frantic young Lobis shouted, "*Kongo Massa* has betrayed us." In an instant Matta fell, his head laid open by a native hatchet, his back porcupined with poisoned arrows.

Last week, in Abidjan, twelve warriors were offered up by the tribe to stand trial for murder. Dutifully two Lobi men who could most easily be spared by the tribe, one undersized and the other club-footed, confessed that it was they who had killed Matta. The court sentenced them to death, but they seemed scarcely to care, by confessing that they had shed blood in the holy season, they had violated a taboo that would have ostracized them from the tribe forever.

FRANCE

Hurrah for Whose Bomb?

Early one morning last week, the phone rang for Nikita Khrushchev at the elegant Château Rambouillet, country residence of France's Presidents. On the other end of the line was Soviet Ambassador to France Sergei Vinogradov with the news that France had just exploded in the Sahara its second atomic bomb—a small one, roughly the size of the U.S.'s Hiroshima bomb (15 kilotons) but far closer to being a portable, functional weapon than the first 60- to 70-kiloton French bomb.

As the world's most belligerent peace lover, and loud public opponent of all nuclear testing, could Nikita avoid denouncing France in strong terms? The answer came clear when, after a bacon-and-eggs breakfast, Khrushchev encountered

De Gaulle in Rambouillet's 16th century Hall of Marble. "Hurrah for France!" cried Nikita.

The Man from Agitprop. This was the keynote of the second half of Khrushchev's *tour de France*. At times, Nikita seemed intent on establishing himself as a kind of honorary Frenchman. His family helped. Motherly Nina Khrushchev admired acres of stained-glass windows, trudged through an open-air market where she expertly sniffed at a proffered melon. Daughters Rada, Elena, and Julia ogled the spring fashions at Dior's. Nikita himself genially traded stag jokes with French influentials, beamingly invited a handsome girl folk dancer to visit him in Moscow, and clutched to his bosom every thing from lambs to schoolchildren. And during a flight in one of France's handsome jet Caravelles, which he vocally admired, he set the hearts of French industrialists aflutter with the offhand statement: "I'll take a dozen to start with."

Despite his best efforts, Nikita's essential boorishness occasionally broke through: to the proud director of a vast irrigation project in the Camargue, he remarked that Russia had a far vaster project in Tadzhikistan. And the apparent popular enthusiasm that greeted him wherever he turned was largely synthetic. As he progressed through France's heavily leftist south, local Communists, augmented by busloads of comrades from afar, took over key positions along his route and at prearranged signals waved red flags and chanted admiring slogans. In Marseille, where the shouts were loudest, Khrushchev Son-in-Law (and *Izvestia* Editor) Alexei Adzhubei admirably remarked to Soviet Propaganda Boss Leonid Ilyichev: "Comrade, you always handle the Agitprop well!"

Spiking the Canon. Clicking away insatiably, Soviet cameramen captured scenes of enthusiasm designed to convince

movie audiences behind the Iron Curtain that all France had embraced Nikita. Truth was that, apart from the organized knots of Reds, the crowds that turned out to see Khrushchev were mostly just curious—and often silent. And throughout the tour, Nikita was confronted by the weighty displeasure of France's Catholic hierarchy. Priests were forbidden to receive him in their churches. In Reims the Host was removed from the altar of the cathedral before Khrushchev was shown through—and a purification service was held after he had left. The church even succeeded in spiking one of the anticipated triumphs of the Agitprop men—Nikita's scheduled meeting with Canon Félix Kir, the 84-year-old priest who doubles as mayor of Dijon and is an Independent Deputy in France's National Assembly.

A genial, roly-poly man who glories in the title "most independent of the Independents," Canon Kir is a much-decorated, bullet-scarred hero of France's World War II Resistance, during which he helped more than 5,000 French prisoners escape the Germans. He spends little time in the mayor's office, can more often be found directing Dijon's traffic, perched at the top of a fireman's ladder, or passing the time of day in a workers' bistro. Convinced that Khrushchev's professed desire to end the cold war must be taken at face value, the canon weeks ago announced that if he got the chance, he would welcome Khrushchev to Dijon with a Russian-style embrace.

Fortnight ago, after his bishop sternly forbade him to receive Nikita, Canon Kir reluctantly agreed to obey. But neither church nor state had any real confidence that the canon could resist if Nikita came to call. Accordingly, on the morning of the day Khrushchev was due to arrive in Dijon, two police cars pulled up in front of Canon Kir's house and hustled the furiously gesticulating priest off for a long drive in the country.

The German Gambit. Though he passed off Kir's "kidnaping" with aplomb ("Canon Kir is absent physically, but spiritually he is with us"), Khrushchev was clearly conscious of the depth of Catholic hostility to him. Carefully, he told reporters: "I agree with Christ in most of his teachings. Besides, they fit Communism. There is only one point where I do not agree: when Christ says one has to turn the other cheek. For me, if a man strikes me on the cheek, I knock his head off."

Nikita's preference for knocking heads became clear after a visit to Douaumont, where thousands of the French and German soldiers who fell at Verdun in World War I are buried. As French Minister of State Louis Jacquinot launched into a polite speech recalling the sacrifices France has made in repelling "invaders," Nikita cut in: "Name them, name them! Who invaded you?" Seizing the microphone, he went on: "I have not had the background of a diplomat. I grew up among the children of the streets and the mines, the sons of workers. My abruptness is not a sign of violence but of frankness."



DIJON'S CANON KIR

Mr. K. agreed with Christ—to a point.

With this standard gambit of Soviet diplomacy—provocation excused as plain speaking—Nikita was off on another anti-German diatribe. "I tell you," he said, "I am worried. I am worried by the words pronounced in Rome by [West German] Chancellor Adenauer that God has invested Germany with the special mission of saving Europe . . . This is the rebirth of Hitler's theory of a master race . . . Vengeance is being reborn in Germany."

Down on the Farm. His tour ended, all that was left was to dicker with De Gaulle at Rambouillet. While Madame de Gaulle and Nina Khrushchev visited the little Rambouillet dairy originally created as a plaything for Marie Antoinette, the husbands walked the sandy paths of the château grounds, plowing through the whole range of East-West problems: disarmament, Algeria, Berlin, and the future of Germany. Out of their talks came a five-page communiqué. The volume of the prose was an unsuccessful attempt to conceal the lack of agreement in nearly every major area. Its chief news (apart from the fact that De Gaulle will visit Moscow) was that France and Russia had agreed to an exchange of scientific data—including information on the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

At week's end, Nikita took off for Moscow. He had tried to stir up trouble between France and its allies—and had failed. He had repeatedly revealed that behind his folksy mask lay an arrogant brutality. But it must be counted a plus for Moscow that Nikita's uninhibited peasant vitality somehow seemed to reduce "the Soviet menace" to human dimensions. Reflecting on his performance, many Frenchmen, rightly or wrongly, were now inclined to accept one of Khrushchev's own favorite sayings about himself and Russia's Communists: "A little courage—we do not have horns."

WESTERN EUROPE

Headlines from the Clubroom

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan flew home from Washington last week and ran headlong into a thunderhead of trouble.

A press report of his U.S. visit told of an astounding meeting between Macmillan and Secretary of State Christian Herter, at which Macmillan talked ominously of economic war between Britain's Outer Seven and Europe's Common Market unless the U.S. steps in. As the report had it, Macmillan warned that Britain would not sit idly by while a German-led Common Market squeezes it out of Europe and achieves hegemony on the Continent. Macmillan reportedly recalled that in the past Britain had joined hands with Russia to crush Napoleon's France; the British now might be forced to lead another peripheral alliance against Europe, particularly in view of what he allegedly called the revival of Nazism in Germany.

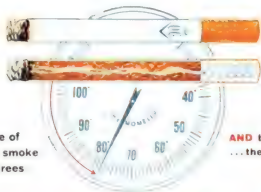
Flat Denial. In Paris, the crack about Napoleon brought cries of British perfidy; in Bonn, banner headlines screamed: MACMILLAN DENIGRATES BONN IN WASHINGTON. THREATENS REPRISALS . . . EUROPE FACING RIFT. Alarmed and angry, West German Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano summoned the British ambassador for an official explanation.

Macmillan himself was amazed and outraged, and the Foreign Office put out an official statement denying that Macmillan had ever mentioned Nazism in Washington or threatened an alliance with Russia against Germany and the Common Market nations. Macmillan went before the House of Commons to insist: "We believe that the new friendship between Germany and France is absolutely vital to the future peace in Europe. We agree . . . that not only do the Six have the right to make this commercial treaty, but that it is a good thing—we have said it over and over again—to have that degree of stability and unity in Europe." Then he added: "What I have pleaded for . . . is that we should not allow an economic gap, a sort of division, to grow up."

Looks & Bleats. The flap was the result of Macmillan's taking his informal clubman's manner to Washington, a city where today's club conversation can become tomorrow's headline. Developed in relatively leakproof London, Macmillan's style is more frank than diplomatic, and he likes nothing better than to ramble amiably from subject to subject, drawing liberally on historical parallel. In Washington, Macmillan had indeed discussed Britain's trade troubles with the Common Market. But his complaints, first reported by a second-string Associated Press State Department correspondent, were misinterpreted and garbled until the thought came out almost in reverse.

What Macmillan was objecting to was the speedup in the Common Market's plans to lower its internal tariff walls while raising barriers against other traders. A plan before the Common Market already proposes to chop internal tariffs 20% in July instead of the planned 10%.

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at the same time, external tariffs in West Germany and the Benelux countries, with which Britain does \$800 million worth of trade annually, will rise sharply. Macmillan's fear was that the move would only widen the gap between the Common Market and the Outer Seven, divide Europe into two economic camps and, eventually, two backbiting political camps.

Rambling on, Macmillan recalled that British policy in the past was to prevent any one group from monopolizing Europe, and cited Britain's alliances with Russia against Napoleon, with France against Hitler. He did not want to see that happen again, he said. But Macmillan warned that unless something was done, Britain in self-defense might have to protect her economic interests by re-introducing quotas on dollar goods, might even have to pull out some, if not all, of her 55,000 troops on the Continent in order to save money.

Step by Step. The British had hoped to see the Inner Six and Outer Seven match concessions until such time as both could unite in one great European trade framework. Macmillan hoped to get the U.S. on his side. But the U.S., which sees the Common Market as an essential first step toward a United Europe, is anxious for it to develop as rapidly as possible.

If Macmillan had hoped to slow the Inner Six's schedule until Britain could keep pace, his gambit had had the opposite effect. Until last week no one was sure that the Common Market would really chop tariffs 20% this summer. But the word from Washington tipped the scales. Meeting in Strasbourg, the European Parliament, representing all six Common Market nations, rammed through a resolution in favor of pushing ahead. Said one French official last week: "Macmillan's remarks have absolutely clinched it. If there was any doubt about what the Six would decide on, there isn't any more."

GREAT BRITAIN

Solidarity or Silence

At London's cinemas last week, a grim, low-budget little picture called *The Angry Silence* played to packed audiences and drew queues at the box office. Its story: the ordeal of a factory hand ostracized by his mates for refusing to join a wildcat strike. As punishment, his fellow union members "sent him to Coventry"—and thus condemned him to life in a silent, hostile world.

The Angry Silence has not yet reached the gritty Midlands industrial town of Birmingham, but when it does, its message will have a special meaning for 146 workers in the Birlec engineering factory, makers of industrial furnaces. Tom Dobson, 38, an expert welder earning \$42 a week, is in Coventry. Since March 13, no one has spoken to Dobson because he insists on his right to join the Amalgamated



WORKER DOBSON
The man is dead.

Engineering Union instead of either the boilermakers union or the sheet metal workers union, which monopolize the plant. Dobson once belonged to the boilermakers at another plant, was called out on three wildcat strikes, and now he says, "I don't want to get mixed up with an irresponsible union again."

In reprisal, the unions declared him "untouchable"; any machinery he handled was "unclean." Men mutter curses as he passes, get up from the lunch table when he sits down. The management has shifted him to an isolated area, where he works on small, 30-lb. furnace doors that he can handle alone. And there he stays eight hours a day in bitter silence, finding relief only when he goes home at night to his

wife and five children. Says he grimly: "I can stick it out as long as they can."

In British labor today, Coventry has become a common form of social punishment. Labor leaders estimate that in the last several years at least 50 workers have been sent to Coventry for one breach of union solidarity or another. The treatment can be tragically effective. In 1956 a railroad engine driver named Jack Heginbotham put his head in a gas oven after living in silence one solid year. Says another victim: "I have seen grown men standing still and doffing their caps as I passed by to show me that as far as they were concerned I was dead."

The punishment, say union men, is tough but necessary. "It may seem like bullying," argues a Trades Union Congress official, "but it is also a fact that society has some sort of right to impose pressure on a bloke who won't toe the line. You get a form of anarchy if people strike off on their own."

A good many more Englishmen think it is about time for everyone to grow up. Said London's *News Chronicle*: "There are limits beyond which union solidarity becomes brutality."

SPAIN

Father Knows Best

When Spain's lean, ingratiating Prince Juan Carlos, 22, visited the U.S. in 1958, every political pundit and social gossipist hailed him as the man aging Dictator Franco had picked to someday become the King of Spain. All signs pointed that way. At Franco's invitation, he was in Spain studying at military academies while his father, Don Juan, 46, heir to the Bourbons and pretender to the empty throne, remained in self-imposed exile in Portugal. Only young Prince Juan Carlos dissented. "It is my father who is going to be King," he insisted.

Last week there were strong signs that Prince Juan Carlos was right, and the smart money was wrong. With a platoon of army generals and government ministers, Franco traveled 100 miles from Madrid to meet Pretender Don Juan at a hilltop castle in western Spain. It was their first meeting since 1954. Out of the eight-hour talk came a cautiously worded communiqué that all but named Don Juan as Franco's choice to take over when he is gone.

Symbol of Unity. Ostensibly the meeting was to settle details of Prince Juan Carlos' final years of university education. Actually, it was to make peace. In Portugal, Don Juan makes no bones of his opposition to the idea of becoming a mere figurehead for Franco. He favors a liberal, constitutional system, similar to that in Britain, is outspokenly opposed to strongman dictatorship. "Portugal," he once told New York *Timesman* C. L. Sulzberger, "is a republic where, if you mention the word republic, you are clapped in jail; Spain is a monarchy where, if you mention the word monarchy, you are clapped in jail."

Until recently, Franco could shrug off



JUAN CARLOS & DON JUAN
Long live the King.

① Apparently traceable to the 17th century, when the citizens of Coventry supposedly enforced a ban of silence against the soldiers of King Charles I during the Civil Wars.



A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair, slicked back, wearing a dark suit jacket. He is seated in a chair, leaning forward with his arms crossed, looking back over his right shoulder towards the camera. The background is dark and textured. To the right, a large spool of film is visible, partially cut off by the edge of the frame. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the man's face and the texture of his suit.

HART

RICHARD AVEDON

The worldly new look of **SCHAFFNER & MARX**

...sets a new standard in quiet elegance for the well-dressed man. Not extreme. Masculine to the core. Shoulders well set, but natural and less padding. Trousers well slimmed. A new sophistication in the slightly shorter jacket and lean-line cut of the pattern. All in all, a sort of grace that's almost a new element as far as men's clothing is concerned. Now add the plus that has made HS&M famous around the world: old-fashioned stitching by tailors who take an old-world pride in their needlework. The result is the worldly new look of Hart Schaffner & Marx, a richer, dressed-up look, a beautifully put-together cool and comfortable suit that is the finest our craftsmen have ever produced. No wonder the HS&M label quietly distinguishes more



suits than any other fine label in the world.

such criticism. But now, at 67, Franco is worried about the future. He fears that his National Movement may splinter into fighting factions of Monarchists and Falangists, hopes to use the monarchy as a rallying point to unify the movement. The change in balance has given Don Juan an important ace to play: the continued presence of his son Juan Carlos in Spain is vital to Franco as a symbol of unity and the monarchy to come.

Consolidation & Continuity. At last week's meeting, Franco apparently recognized Don Juan's legal claim to the throne, and in return got a much-needed promise of support. The communiqué issued after their meeting stated that Prince Juan Carlos will return to Spain to complete his university education "in the atmosphere of his country." But this "does not prejudice either the question of succession or the normal transmission of dynastic obligations and responsibilities."

Reading between the lines, Madrid's monarchists were jubilant. Franco gave no hint of when he would step down, if ever during his lifetime. But as Don Juan the Pretender crossed the border back into Portugal, he cracked to a customs guard: "*Hasta pronto* [See you soon]."

INDONESIA

Home Was Never Like This

Things are always bad in Indonesia, but when they get particularly chaotic, jaunty President Sukarno has a favorite tactic: he takes a trip. Last week he climbed aboard a chartered Pan American DC-6 (estimated cost: \$250,000), smiled at his favorite stewardess—curvesome, redheaded Joanie Sweeney—and took off on a two-month world tour (India, Iraq, Soviet satellites, U.A.R., Africa and Cuba), his third in three years. Behind him he left a country bogged in inflationary chaos, a nasty diplomatic quarrel with Peking, a desultory but costly rebellion, and fresh political confusion created by his last-minute appointment of a new Parliament to replace the elected one. "Don't think too much of things at home," cried Acting President Djanda in farewell. Said Bung Karno: "I leave with confidence. I trust the people."

IRAQ

Change in Weather

A year ago the Communists were the masters of Baghdad's streets, lords of the Iraqi press and radio, the wire-pulling bosses controlling the country's peasant, student and labor unions. Suspicion was that they could take over the country whenever they wished.

The Communists are still a major force in the ill-disciplined life of post-revolutionary Iraq. But today in Baghdad people no longer talk of an impending Communist takeover. Overaggressive Red tactics have wearied public opinion. Though Premier Karim Kassem still accepts Communist support to balance off pro-Nasser Arab nationalist elements, he refuses to license the regular party as a lawful polit-



Camera Press—Pis

JAMALI IN JAIL
New life in death row.

ical entity. In Basra, once a Communist citadel, authorities have jailed about 100 Communist labor leaders on charges of misappropriating union funds. Last week the Court of Cassation forbade the Communist-run Democratic Youth League permission to open new branches in Baghdad. Wailed the Communist daily *Ittihad al-Shaab*: "Why are most of the democratic organizations being so persecuted and so many labor and peasant union leaders rounded up?"

As Communist power has weakened, moderate forces in the government, the army and the professions have gained strength, and some who suffered heavily under savage Red attacks after the revolution have met with a turn in their fortunes. Last week Premier Kassem commuted the death and life sentences of twelve top officials of the old monarchic regime. Most notable beneficiary was Fadhl Jamali, one of the free world's strongest friends in the Middle East, who, as Foreign Minister and U.N. delegate, long represented and spoke for the late great and hated Nuri al-Said. Reported tortured and murdered by a street mob during the bloody 1958 revolution, Jamali turned up bruised but alive in a military jail. Tried as a traitor before Baghdad's infamous People's Court, he was sentenced to hang, a sentence commuted last week to ten years' imprisonment.

At week's end the Communist-run Peace Partisans staged a big parade. Flanked by Indonesia's peripatetic President Sukarno, Kassem watched from a special reviewing platform, but the crowd was not so large as in the Partisans' parade a year ago. In open distress, the Communist-line newspaper *Al-Hadhara* beseeched Kassem for support: "A few words from you will set everything right again." A year ago, the Communists would not have had to ask.

THE HEMISPHERE

PERU

Poor Man's Conservative

"I am the most hated man in Peru," says Premier Pedro Beltrán, 63, and perhaps he is right. In an Andean country where the bulk of the people are impoverished Indians, Beltrán is a rich capitalist, a conquistador-descended aristocrat. He is also a conservative newspaper publisher, a budget balancer, and the most orthodox of economists: his idol is West Germany's Ludwig Erhard. Yet he is running, in economic policy at least, a government whose dominant political base is a mass leftist party called APRA. Their dislike is mutual.

Beltrán got his job through a strange chain of circumstances that began with the election of President Manuel Prado in 1956. Like Beltrán, Prado belongs to the aristocracy of 30 or 40 interlocking families that dominate Peru, yet he was elected by APRA on his promise, which he kept, of restoring the outlawed party's legality. APRA's advice to Prado was to develop Peru's backward land by deficit financing. Against his own preferences Prado acquiesced, and government presses cranked out endless paper sols to pay for the expansion. He was soon in deep economic trouble and under fire from Publisher Beltrán. Prado's answer was direct and logical: in a phone conversation that began, "Look here, Pedro," he turned his troubles over to Beltrán.

APRA was not pleased at the prospect, but it went along because Beltrán has a well-calculated economic plan. Hoping for U.S. development loans and well aware that the U.S. requires prior approval of the conservative International Monetary Fund, Beltrán (who knows and admires the U.S., is married to an American) imposed an iron austerity on Peru. When he gets Peru's economy in orthodox order, which will please him as much as Washington, Beltrán plans to ask the U.S. for \$100 million, figures that the U.S. can then hardly refuse.

Put Up or Shut Up. Beltrán learned the lesson of conservative economics at the London School of Economics in 1915-18—long before that institution went for



PREMIER BELTRÁN

"I am the most hated man."

Keynes and Laski. With a somewhat jaundiced eye a contemporary remembers him there at 20 as "a student of economic sciences, a member of an exclusive club of whisky drinkers, a dancer of the tango, a playboy, a reader of Adam Smith, and a wearer of the arrogant colored vests introduced by Wilde and Disraeli."

When he got home, he turned the family hacienda into a lucrative model of science and mechanization, went back to economics as a director of Peru's Reserve Bank, making it into a modern central bank. He dabbled in journalism as holder of controlling interest in a struggling little newspaper called *La Prensa*. World War II took him to the U.S.: Washington (as ambassador), Bretton Woods (to help organize the World Bank), San Francisco (to help set up the U.N.). Returning to Peru, he built *La Prensa* along U.S. newspaper lines into the most influential daily in Lima. He at first supported the army dictatorship headed by Manuel Odría, then helped persuade Odría to eliminate

himself by holding the free election that Prado won.

When the beset Prado defied Publisher Beltrán to do any better himself, the critic decided that he belonged onstage. "Like missionaries who go among the savages and must be prepared to face being eaten, we independent newspapermen and honest politicians should be prepared for the worst." Peru's economy was in such sorry shape that the sol had dropped from 10 to the dollar to 31.5. The simple act of making Beltrán Premier checked the decline. Then Beltrán stopped the currency printing presses that *La Prensa* had long cartooned as a loathsome, hairy-legged machine. He ended food subsidies, tightened tax collections, dropped surplus bureaucrats, sold off official automobiles, restricted credit, cut imports.

Hardened Sol. By the end of 1959, after eight months in office, Beltrán had written an impressive record. He repaid a Peruvian debt of \$14.5 million to the International Monetary Fund. Foreign exchange reserves climbed to \$11 million. Exports topped imports by nearly \$25 million. The sol hardened at 27.6.

Stability is only the first step toward saving Peru, and Beltrán knows it. Prices were rising at a yearly rate of 11% last July, but the rate dropped to 3% at year's end. But this achievement means little to the 50% of Peru's 10 million population who are outside the money economy or clinging to its fringes (average per capita income: \$123 a year). Every second Peruvian is illiterate; 75% of the population is underfed. Tens of millions of acres of coastal desert could turn green under irrigation, but so far only 1.3 million acres are producing.

Beltrán hopes to attract foreign capital with one of the most favorable development laws in the hemisphere, but concedes that this is not enough. "Nobody is more opposed to government action than I. But there are certain things governments must do. I see no reason to balance the budget and stabilize the currency if that reason is not to help the poor people. We need \$100 million," says Beltrán.

What happens if he does not get help? Beltrán has seen the pathetic silhouettes of the Incas' descendants in their ponchos, black pigtails and felt hats, herding Peru's 3,500,000 llamas, vicuñas and alpacas. In the country the Indians are still content to dance hand in hand around trees to the sad sounds of stringed instruments plucked in a minor key. In Lima, they pile up in miserable shanties at the rate of 4,000 a year, jobless and hopeless. Says Beltrán: "We are not immune to the Castro."

BRAZIL

Slipped Trip

Jânio Quadros, the conservative, eccentric but successful former Governor of wealthy São Paulo State, is the closest thing to a candidate of the right in next October's Brazilian presidential election.



Half a million gallons into a 45-gallon tank!

Keeping homeowners in hot water—and *happy about it*—is a job A. O. Smith water heaters perform well. A 45-gallon model will easily handle half-a-million gallons in its lifetime, because this company designs heaters to give extra years of service.

Among the life extenders developed by A. O. Smith is the glass-lined *Permaglas*® water heater. As you might expect, the job of bonding glass to steel requires high heat and sets up serious production problems. One of the toughest was just solved by a product of Shell Research.

Conveyor roller bearings in a continuous-firing furnace became so hot that greases ran like water. Shutdowns for repair were common until Shell engineers were shown the problem, and recommended Shell Darina® Grease. A heat-resistant lubricant, it stayed put despite high temperatures. A. O. Smith has had no further trouble with conveyor maintenance.

Development of heat-resistant greases is another example of how Shell Research works to give you more for your money wherever you see the Shell name and trademark.

A. O. Smith Corporation used a product of Shell Research to solve a problem of lubricating bearings in a continuously-fired furnace.

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there's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. This is the Nomad Station Wagon.

Roomier Body by Fisher (*Chevy gives you wider seating and more head room than any other low-priced sedan—and the transmission tunnel is 25% smaller this year for more foot room*).

Pride-pleasing style (*you'll like the way it combines good looks with good sense—take a look at that convenient roll-down rear window, for instance*).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (*with the extra cushioning of new rubber body mounts, here's a ride that almost lets*

you forget there's a road under you).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (*24 combinations in all—with output all the way to 335 h.p. to satisfy the most finicky driver*).

Hi-Thrift 6 (*savin'est six in any full-size car—built with Chevy's ever-faithful dependability*).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (*you'll warm up to this one fast—it gets up to 10% more miles on a gallon of*

regular, yet gives you the "git" Chevy's famous for).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (*you get long-lived, bonded-lining brakes that stop quicker with less pedal pressure—another important way this new Chevrolet has of looking after your welfare*).



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TEM WILLYMAN ESCAPED THE HEAT BY THE POOL OF THE SAN JUAN INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL IN PUERTO RICO.

How to cool down without getting wet—Rum and Tonic

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who took the plunge at the San Juan Intercontinental in Puerto Rico)

WHY DIDN'T we invent rum and tonic? We had mixed tonic with everything—but never with rum. Travel must broaden the mind.

Anyhow, thanks to the man in the blue jacket (see photograph) we've seen the light. That dry, white Puerto Rican rum lifts any long drink out of the humdrum. And when you blend its urbane dryness with bittersweet tonic water, you've got the coolest thirst-quencher since nature invented ice.

Neither of us pretends to be an expert bartender. So we cheer again because rum and tonic

is child's play to make. Grab a glass and some ice cubes. Toss in a jigger of white Puerto Rican rum plus a squeeze of lime or lemon. Then fill with tonic.

We know of no better way of cooling down short of snorkeling in a cold tub. The only thing to check is the label on the rum bottle. Be sure it says "Puerto Rican Rum." It makes an astonishing difference to every rum drink.

P.S. For a free booklet of exciting Puerto Rican rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. G-9, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



Thus his clear motive in visiting Castro's Cuba last week was to grab a few leftist votes from his chief rival, Government Candidate Henrique Teixeira Lott.

The trip was a flop. Quadros was supposed to stay in Castro's Cuba six days. But when papers back home began calling him "irresponsible" and his statements of praise for Castro a "pact with the devil," it apparently dawned on him that Brazilians have no vast yearning to take their cues from a reckless government on a chaotic island that is only one-tenth as populous as their own country. Two days before his visit was supposed to end, he dashed off bread-and-butter messages to his hosts, climbed aboard a plane for safer terrain in Venezuela.



Mo Garcia

SEXTON ROJAS & BURIAL URN
The general was brave—and patient.

VENEZUELA

The Long Wait

General Valentin Garcia is a cherished legend to the inhabitants of the Venezuelan state of Sucre. He fought in six great battles of the war of liberation from Spain, and once saved the life of General Simón Bolívar, who thereupon dubbed Garcia "Valentin Valiente" (Valentin the Brave). When Garcia died in 1866, he was buried in the parish cemetery of the town of Cumana. But until last week, Valentin the Brave, much as he was honored in Sucre, never won a similar reverence from the rest of Venezuela.

True, in 1909 a resolution of the federal Senate pronounced Garcia an "Illustrious Hero of the War of Independence" and decreed that his remains be transferred from the cemetery to the Pantheon of Heroes in Caracas, resting place of Bolívar and the rest of Venezuela's great. In

preparation, the people of Cumana put the bones in a small, carved mahogany urn. But it took five years for officials in Caracas to dispatch the warship *Miranda* to Cumana to get the urn, and then the *Miranda* was diverted instead to another part of the country to quell a rebellion. Sucre's citizens hinted darkly that Caracas was in no hurry to put Garcia in the mausoleum beside Bolívar and other *gran señor* heroes because Garcia was a low-born man of Guakeri Indian stock. So his remains were left in the sacristy of Cumana's Altargracia Church.

When an earthquake nearly destroyed the church in 1928, the urn and its contents were found intact. Delfin Rojas, the church sexton, made it his special business to guard the urn while the church was rebuilt, and still preserves it carefully in a bell-tower storage room, among tattered and dusty saints and icons. Last week Interior Minister Luis Augusto Dubuc promised Sucre that General Garcia's remains this year will at last find their ultimate resting place in the Pantheon, as Venezuela marks the 150th anniversary of its independence.

CANADA

Giving It the Gas

A vast new source of natural gas for U.S. homes and industry was unlocked last week. Satisfied that Canada is endowed with gas reserves well beyond its own needs for at least the next quarter-century, Ottawa approved gas exports to the U.S. of 7.3 trillion cubic feet, an amount that could fuel New York City at present rates for 80 years. The Alberta oil and gas industry, with \$200 million tied up in 1,000 capped gas wells, let out a jubilant whoop. Well it might: Canada's new National Energy Board estimated that exports under the four approved licenses will earn \$75.5 million a year in U.S. sales by 1963, enough for a significant dent in Canada's chronic trade deficit with the U.S.

Of the four export proposals cleared by Ottawa, only one has been fully approved by two other regulatory agencies, the U.S. Federal Power Commission and Alberta's Oil and Gas Conservation Board. That is Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd.'s plan to pipe 204 million cubic feet daily to the U.S.'s Midwestern Gas Transmission Co. (TIME, April 4). The biggest project is Alberta & Southern Gas Co. Ltd.'s plan to lay down a 1,400-mile pipeline to carry 458.7 million cubic feet daily to its California parent, the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. Under the two other licenses, Canadian gas would flow to markets in Montana and the Northwest.

The Canadian Petroleum Association predicted that the new markets would spur a \$6.8 billion oil and gas development in Alberta, British Columbia and the untapped Canadian North in the next decade. The Energy Board estimated that consumption, in Canada and by export, will have totaled 45.6 trillion cubic feet by 1990—when Canada will still have at least that much left in the ground.

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* Which is named for another Bolivarian hero, General Antonio José de Sucre

PEOPLE

In the nation's capital the topic, naturally, was the Democratic White House steepchase, and two front-row spectators, ex-Secretary of State **Dean Acheson** and Columnist **Joseph Alsop**, found themselves offering advice and opinion to each other at a Georgetown dinner party. Democrat Acheson made no secret of his partiality to Senate Majority Leader **Lyndon B. Johnson** as the ablest of all the Democratic presidential candidates. Alsop volunteered: "Why, I'd do anything to make his nomination possible." "Excellent, Joe," retorted Acheson tartly. "Attack him!"

Out of the Army, ex-Sergeant **Elvis Presley** unlimbered his hips and returned to work. The sideburns were gone, but



ELVIS PRESLEY (1960)
The goo of glue.

otherwise it was the same old Elvis, and he had RCA Victor crowing about a record 1,275,077 advance orders of his first postmilitary disk, *Stuck on You*. Already on TV tape was a slight spectacular that Elvis recently made with Crooner Frank Sinatra for a trifling \$125,000. He could expect more petty cash from *Stuck on You* and its memorable lyrics. Sample:

*Ah'm gonna stick like glue—stick because Ah'm stuck on you,
Ah'm gonna run ma fingers through yer long black hair—
Ah' squeeze you tighter than a grizzly bear . . .*

Still looking pale and sickly after major abdominal surgery (TIME, March 28), British Laborite **Aneurin Bevan**, 62, is-

sued assurances that he has no plans to write his memoirs, then took a spirited swipe at those who so much as read that sort of thing. He singled out a favorite target: Britain's Tory Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan**. Said Bevan: "I understand that Macmillan reads political biographies. I have never been able to achieve that credulity. My experience of public life has taught me to know that most of them are entirely unreliable. I would rather take my fiction straight."

The human side of some very dissimilar papas was laid bare in a book titled *The Father: Letters to Sons and Daughters*, edited by Evan Jones and published last week (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$3.95). In 1950, not long after his young daughter Isabel had gone to Paris and succumbed to "the romantic alchemy" of a much older, married man, Humorist **Ogden Nash** wrote a prescription: "Keep on having your gay time, but just keep yourself in hand, and remember that generally speaking it's better to call older men Mister." In 1930, India's Premier **Jawaharlal Nehru** was serving the fifth of his nine terms in British jails. Wrote he to daughter Indira on her 13th birthday: "On your birthday you have been in the habit of receiving presents and good wishes. Good wishes you will have in full measure, but what present can I send you from Naini Prison? My presents cannot be material or solid. They can only be of the air and of the mind and spirit, such as a good fairy might have bestowed on you—things that even the high walls of prison cannot stop." In 1931, Humorist **Ring Lardner** rose from bed at 3 o'clock one morning and, in affectionate doggerel, banged out a plea to his son, the late Newsman John Lardner, then studying in Paris after a year at Harvard: "And now when you think it isn't too much bother, You might write a letter to sincerely your father." In 1947, when Britain's **Queen Elizabeth** (then a princess) was honeymooning with Phillip, she got further fatherly blessings from the late King George VI: "I am so glad you wrote & told Mummy that you think the long [three-year] wait before your engagement & the long time before the wedding was for the best. I was rather afraid that you had thought I was being hardhearted about it . . . Our family, us four, the 'Royal Family' must remain together with additions of course at suitable moments!"

Seventy-five years after he was born there and 40 years after he made the town famous, Sauk Centre, Minn. (pop. 3,140) began to celebrate the diamond anniversary of Novelist H. (for Harry) **Sinclair Lewis**. Sauk Centre, the "Gopher Prairie" of Lewis' famed *Main Street*, was originally outraged by the book, but now wears the scar as though it were a beauty mark. The high school athletic teams even go under the name of "The Main Streeters." Anticipating a horde of

summer visitors, the town fathers recently changed the name of Main Street to "The Original Main Street," and the name of Third Street, on which Lewis was born, to "Sinclair Lewis Avenue." One of a handful of surviving Lewis contemporaries, Ben Dubois, now secretary of the Independent Bankers Association, reminisced last week about life near little Harry. Said Dubois: "My first memory of Harry Lewis is when we were four or five years old and our parents were visiting the Lewises. We were put out on the lawn to play. Harry looked at me and said, 'I can eat grass.' And he did. He gnawed off about a foot square, and I knew he was destined for great things." The young "Red" Lewis would surely have scoffed at the sentiment now being displayed toward him by the town that he made a symbol of provincialism. But the older, mellow Lewis



SINCLAIR LEWIS (1923)
The remembrance of roses.

would just as surely have been pleased—for he loved Sauk Centre as much as he hated it, and in his later years he could grow misty-eyed as he recalled: "Sauk Centre always smelled of wild roses."

Awarded by a New York court last week: \$500,000 to the firm of Manhattan Lawyer Luke B. Lockwood, one of the two administrators of the estate (estimated at upwards of \$120 million) of Philanthropist **Vincent Astor**. Lockwood's firm also represented the estate against the will-breaking efforts of Astor's half brother, **John Jacob Astor**, who settled for a relatively measly \$550,000.

At 6:45 a.m. a handful of Londoners, irked at being awakened by jet aircraft flying over their houses near London Air-

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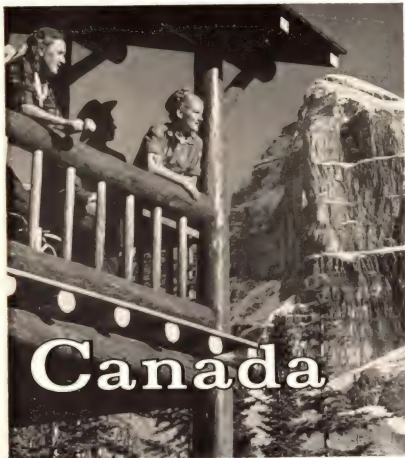
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port, last week pounded on the front door of a Vincent Square town house. Roused by the knocking was Aviation Minister **Duncan Sandys**, who emerged, rumpled and in a dressing gown, to be confronted by placards reading "Ban Night Jet Flying!" Explaining that he could do nothing about the nightly noise, Early-Riser Sandys then went back inside, but not to bed.

In the current issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, Photographer **Richard Avedon** tries to show that all women possess a quality that he calls "The Sphinx Within." With seven international glamour girls as his subjects, Avedon got them to look slinkily feline under a variety of hairdos purporting to be Egyptian. He achieves his most



Richard Avedon—*Harper's Bazaar*
GLORIA VANDERBILT
A sphinx within?

eye-catching effect with Heiress **Gloria Vanderbilt**, thereby moving another glamorous tigress, New York *Mirror* Society Chatterist "Suzy" to comment: "When they make her a plain jane on those TV potboilers, they spoil a good thing." Said *Harper's Bazaar* of Avedon's gallery girls. "They belong to women who are sloe-eyed to the soul."

For years, most Swedes have believed that Heavyweight Boxing King **Ingemar Johansson**, 27, and pretty Birgit Lundgren, 23, were much too friendly ever to get serious about each other. But in Stockholm last week, "Ingo" surprised nearly everybody by slipping a plain gold engagement ring on Birgit's finger. Recently back from Egypt, he was asked how much Birgit would fetch on the bride market there. Replied he: "A thousand pounds and 100 camels."



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To keep the lonely vigil... Martin PM-1 air-portable nuclear reactor, to supply electricity and heat at remote Air Force stations, is now being developed and produced for the AEC.

MARTIN

RELIGION

Three in Pectore

Gathered in secret consistory last week to give formal approval to seven newly designated cardinals (TIME, March 14), the princes of the Roman Catholic Church listened as Pope John XXIII intoned the seven names. The list read, they rose and lifted their red hats—signifying approval—as the Pope put the traditional question, "Quid vobis videtur?" (What is your opinion?). Then came the surprise, "Beyond those already listed," said John, "we have nominated as members of the Sacred College three other illustrious personages whose names we reserve to ourselves in *pectore*."

Not since 1933 had new cardinals been created in *pectore*, meaning that their names are held secret "in the heart" of the Pope.* In the past, in *pectore* appointments sometimes led to disputes after a Pope's death, when prelates claimed to have been secretly appointed but could furnish no proof. Under present rules, Pope John's three secret designates will not officially become cardinals until he makes public their names either to the consistory or in writing, and only then will they take up their duties as cardinals. The chief tangible value of the in *pectore* nominations is that the future cardinals' seniority in the Sacred College will date from last week's announcement.

Since in *pectore* appointments are often made for political reasons, when public recognition from Rome might jeopardize a cardinal in his own country, Pope John's announcement touched off a rash of speculation about likely candidates in the Iron Curtain countries. Possibilities: Archbishop Josef Beran of Prague; Monsignor Franjo Šeper, former assistant to Yugoslavia's late Cardinal Štepinac.

But most Vatican observers doubt this, since Pope John usually seems reluctant to aggravate already troublesome situations. Best guesses are that at least two of the three secret cardinals are actually Vatican officials. Pope John is keeping their names secret in order to hold them to their present assignments (which they would have to give up if publicly appointed). Most likely candidates: Monsignor Enrico Dante, Prefect of Pontifical Ceremonies; Monsignor Antonio Samorè, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs; Monsignor Acacio Coussa, Assessor for the Holy Congregation for the Oriental

Church; and Monsignor Giuseppe Ferretto, Secretary of the Sacred College. The foreign favorites: Monsignor Juan Landázuri Ricketts, Archbishop of Lima, and Monsignor José Newton de Almeida Batista, Archbishop of Brasília. (The Pope may have decided to withhold Batista's formal elevation until his new archdiocese buildings are dedicated.)

It all makes for the liveliest guessing game in Rome since the betting in 1958 on who would succeed the late Pius XII as Pope.

Trumpets in the Morning

At 6:15 each weekday morning and often earlier on Sundays, the red-and-cream Nash convertible cuts out from a modest house in Hollywood Hills and hums along Santa Monica Boulevard. The wiry, 52-year-old cleric behind the wheel of what



METHODIST BISHOP GERALD KENNEDY
Too many theologians have become pessimists.

he calls an "old man's sports car" is a Methodist bishop. He is so much of a bishop, in fact—and so far from being an old man—that this month he takes over the top job in his ten-million-member denomination, Gerald Hamilton Kennedy's new post: president of the Methodist Council of Bishops. In this office, the term of which is limited to one year, he succeeds Mississippi's Bishop Marvin A. Franklin (G. Bromley Oxnam held the post in 1958).

For the past eight years, as spiritual shepherd of Methodists in Southern California, Arizona and Hawaii, Bishop Kennedy has proved himself a tireless circuit rider. His 403 churches span 2,500 miles, embrace 225,000 members. He visits them all (the once dropped in on 23 parishes in one month) and averages seven sermons or speeches a week. Amid all his momentum, Bishop Kennedy can be pungently articulate. Examples:

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: "It simply doesn't work. Look at the crime rates."

AMERICAN EDUCATION: "A kind of state-supported baby-sitting service."

SOUTH AFRICA: "The foundation of law has been destroyed. I am reminded of the old proverb: 'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.'"

TV COMMERCIALS: "Why should an actress, no matter how beautiful or talented, know more about an icebox than my wife?"

RELIGIOUS PUBLICATIONS: "Most of the so-called devotional material is shallow and meaningless tripe that makes me sick to my stomach."

THEOLOGICALS: "Many influential theologians of our day have moved from the ruins of a devastated Europe to the libraries of the theological schools and have carried defeatism into these sacred precincts—locking themselves up in their little cells with their egos, their textbooks, their jargon and their pessimism."

Spiritual Ovaltine. Son of a lay preacher who settled in California, Kennedy was born in Benzoncia, Mich. With no doubts about his calling ("I can't remem-

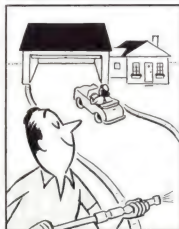
ber a time in my life when I wasn't sure I would become a clergyman"), he sailed through the College of the Pacific, the Pacific School of Religion, and the Hartford Theological Seminary. Ordained in 1932, he spent the next 16 years as pastor of four different churches, taught at the Pacific School of Religion and Nebraska Wesleyan. He was elected Bishop of the Portland (Ore.) area at 40, the youngest bishop in the history of the Methodist Church.

Today Kennedy considers himself simply a "Wesleyan," after Methodism's spell-binding, peripatetic founder, John Wesley. But, recalls Kennedy, there are some zigzags in his spiritual development. In the 1930s he went through a strong neo-orthodox phase: "I took to neo-orthodox the way Methodists take to organization." The theology of Niebuhr and Barth "rescued me from the tranquilizing theory of inevitable evolutionary progress and restored the sense of God's majesty. But as the years went by, my ardor was cooled by the tendency of so many of the brethren to state extreme positions in order to be

* The 1933 appointments: Federico Tedeschini and Carlo Salotti, Pope Pius XI's reasons for secrecy: Tedeschini was performing a critical mission as Papal Nuncio to Madrid at a time when the Republican regime was replacing the Spanish monarchy; Salotti was busy trying cases for sainthood as Promoter of the Faith and the Pope wanted him to complete his work. Both were publicly elevated in 1935. The practice goes back to 1216, when Pope Martin V withheld publication of the names of three cardinals to avoid upsetting the delicate balance achieved by his election in 1417, ending the 40-year Great Schism.



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noticed. A professor of mine once commented that his definition of a good religious educator was a fellow who had had a bad case of John Dewey and gotten over it. I now feel somewhat the same way about neo-orthodoxy."

But Kennedy is still no partisan of the overoptimistic, positive-thinking branch of Protestantism, which he describes as "a spiritual aspirin tablet, a spiritual glass of Ovaltine." He adds: "Any church that starts out to be a success in the world's eyes is doomed to failure."

Mystery Man. Author of 13 books (*God's Good News*, *The Christian and His America*), Kennedy reviews four novels a month for the Methodist magazine. *Together*, confesses that mysteries are his favorite fare among the six books he reads a week. Ranging the world as energetically as he does his diocese, he has traveled in Europe, Asia, Africa, the Pacific, and last year led a delegation to Russia. On the subject of Communism he is about as tough as any U.S. churchman. "I don't like to talk about coexistence. I don't mean we have to go to war, but we are up against a religion. The only way you can destroy a religion is with a greater religion. This is a fight which will not be a spectacular one for many of us, but I believe that the way you live, day by day, the kind of character you build, the kind of morality you live up to, will decide this struggle. What the church has lacked, what America has lacked, what we are lacking in the new generation coming up is 'the sound of trumpets in the morning.'"

Push at Princeton

"We are entering a new stage in the evolution of the theological seminary. The period of relative isolation and protection, when seminaries were expected to live a sheltered existence, has passed." So said Dr. James Iley McCord last week at his inauguration as the fourth president of U.S. Presbyterianism's most prestigious ministerial school, Princeton Theological Seminary. For bustling Texan McCord, the ceremonies were purely formal: he has been hard at work at his new job for seven months, since taking over from President John A. Mackay. But to his listeners, McCord last week gave a sharp preview of how he intends to run his school (enrollment: 485) in the future.

"The seminary cannot be a trade school," says McCord, and the first task is to cut down on proliferating specialized courses. In their place the faculty must achieve some sort of philosophic unity for the students. "We cannot go on expecting each student to achieve a synthesis on his own when we as a faculty cannot do it." The second task: finding "some way to avoid sweeping surveys, and rethinking the preponderance of lecture courses." To underscore his point, McCord quoted David Hume: "There is nothing to be learned from professors which is not to be met with in books." Continued McCord: "If theological seminaries are to stand with integrity in the academic world," there must be encouragement to "pursue those problems to the

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GOOD LOOKING, GOOD READING The Americans who spread West after the Revolutionary War produced a bumper crop of legends about Johnny Appleseed and Daniel Boone, Mike Fink and Davy Crockett. These and other childhood heroes come to life in Part Four of *The Folklore of America*, a 12-page portfolio of paintings in full color. Also . . . "Mastif": Air Force Captain Virgil Grissom describes the intricate controls which will keep an Astronaut's capsule in steady flight during its first trip into space. *Background*: An exclusive picture-report on the events leading up to the violence in South Africa. *Preview*: Silvana Mangano and other beauties crop their hair for roles in a forceful new film. "Birdman of Alcatraz": The story of the man who used forty years in prison to become a top U.S. authority on the diseases of birds.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE

The Original Cast Album



"Greenwillow," says Atkinson in the Times, is "an enchanted fable . . . that brings distinction to the stage." Two reasons: Frank Loesser's bountiful score and the appealing performance of Anthony Perkins. Hear it all in the Original Cast album, Living Stereo or regular L. P., on



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PRESBYTERIAN McCORD
Innocence is not a virtue.

depths. Intellectual innocence is not a Christian virtue."

Later, puffing on his pipe in the comfortable "President's Cottage," a century-old Gothic house recently remodeled by his wife Hazel, President McCord expanded on his thesis. "There has been a theological parenthesis for some three decades or more. The church was challenged on her source of authority, and theology began to go on the defensive. For all their weaknesses, the 19th century theologians engaged the world in relevant conversation, but we have become disengaged." And, as he put it in his first chapel address last year, "we have not yet faced up to many of the issues raised by the 19th century and posed by the new sciences. The result is that theology has become largely irrelevant in many quarters and often incredibly dull." Presbyterianism itself, added Presbyterian McCord, "is still too largely a bourgeois phenomenon. It has not touched the masses, nor has it challenged a rising generation of intellectuals."

How Catholics Should Vote

A conscientious Catholic must regard it as a sin "to vote for a Catholic candidate merely because of his faith . . . Catholics are bound in conscience to vote for the candidate whom they consider best suited for the office, whatever may be his religious affiliation."

Thus last week said Father Francis J. Connell, of Washington's Holy Redeemer School, in Baltimore's *Catholic Review*. Added Theologian Connell: "There is nothing in the Catholic religion that should prevent a Catholic from being a good President. But it might be detrimental to the church or to Catholics to have a Catholic President. Almost any national misfortune or calamity that would occur would be ascribed to his religion by many."



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Sit back and stretch out. Make a point of comparing head room and leg room with the "big cars" you've known and you'll discover Vauxhall's knack

for using space wisely. Look around to see how Vauxhall edges out other small cars in luxury features: twin visors, dual arm rests, front and rear ash trays, automatic interior lighting, rear seat carpeting, a driving man's instrument panel — and tailoring with the Bond Street look.

Now Drive It

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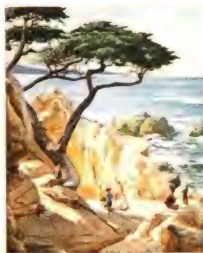
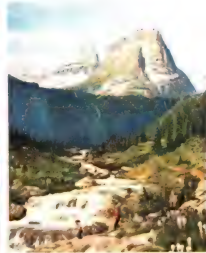
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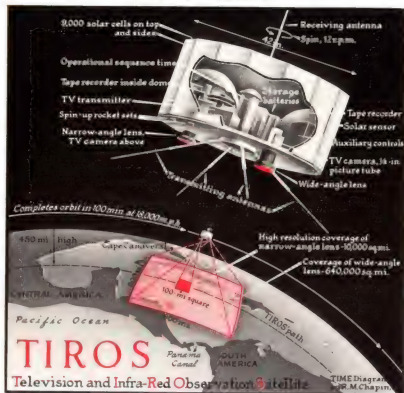
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SCIENCE



Weather by Satellite

With a huge rush of smoke and flame, the three-stage Thor-Able rocket last week roared from its Cape Canaveral launching pad, soon to swirl its 270-lb. package into orbit around the earth. To the scientific skeptics who claim that satellites are little more than spectacular stunts, that package provided a spectacularly practical answer—looking down from hundreds of miles in space, it could take and transmit pictures of the earth and its cloud-spotted atmosphere. At the very least, it ushered in a new era in meteorological science.

The weather satellite Tiros I (from Television and Infra-Red Observation Satellite) went into an almost perfectly circular orbit that will keep its cameras at an efficient picture-taking distance. Its farthest point of 408 miles from the earth is only 32 miles higher than the low point. The feat of orbital precision, unequaled by either U.S. or Soviet satellites, was accomplished by a special Bell Telephone Laboratories guidance system in the rocket's second stage.

Cameras & Beacons. Tiros I is drum-shaped (diameter 42 in., height 10 in.) and is spangled on top and sides with 9,000 small solar cells that yield about 10 watts of electricity to keep its storage batteries charged. From its top and bottom jut five radio antennas and the lenses of two TV cameras. The inside is packed with micro-miniaturized elec-

tronic equipment that can seemingly perform miracles.

Almost as soon as Tiros was safely in orbit, two small weights swung out from its rim and slowed its spin from 136 to 12 revolutions per minute. This strikingly simple trick, like a whirling skater slowing his spin by raising his arms, made photography possible. Two beacon radios called out the satellite's position, reported its inside temperatures and the condition of the apparatus on board. Solar cells topped off the batteries. Nine small instruments observed the bearing of the sun, and another reported the position of the earth's horizon.

Tiros was now ready for business, and business soon came. At Fort Monmouth, N.J., a 60-ft. dish antenna of the Army Signal Corps picked up the satellite's radio beacon as it came over the curve of the earth. Up from the ground went a coded signal that made the satellite's innards spring into frantic activity. A shutter opened and closed. Electronic pulses flashed through tangles of hair-thin wire. Then down from the satellite over a TV channel came a picture of northeastern North America, spotted with white swirls of cloud. Fort Monmouth experts made hasty versions of the picture (which hurt its quality) and sent them to Washington by messenger. There Dr. Keith Glennan, director of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, took it to the White House and showed it to President Eisenhower.

Electronic Images. The Tiros' electronic wizardry was accomplished with apparatus designed by the Army's Fort Monmouth scientists, working closely with Radio Corp. of America. Tiros' primary parts are two TV camera tubes, each $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, that take up to 32 still pictures, one every 30 seconds. The pictures, which are at first electronic images on the tube's screen, can be scanned and transmitted directly, or they can be recorded on magnetic tape. The satellite's masters on earth can tell it what to do. From Fort Monmouth, for example, they can tell it to start taking pictures when it is over Czechoslovakia a few minutes later. They can also select which camera to use. One camera has a wide-angle lens and takes pictures of an 800-mile square of the earth. The other camera has a narrow-angle lens that pictures, in more detail, a smaller area. The narrow lens camera has an obvious potential for military reconnaissance—so some details about it were therefore last week being kept under security wraps.

Steady Axis. Since Tiros I spins like a top, it is gyroscopically stabilized, keeping its axis pointed in a single direction as it circles the earth. This means that its cameras will point away from the earth much of the time. The ground operator, before he sends his signal, must calculate when the cameras will be looking at something interesting. The satellite's orbit shifts slowly around the earth, allowing all parts that do not lie farther north than France to be photographed. On the second day of its orbiting, it sent to Fort Monmouth cloud-pattern pictures of the Mediterranean region.

First originating with the Department of Defense, the Tiros project was turned over last year to NASA, which has under-

A PICTURE TAKEN BY TIROS I



standably high hopes for it. Since clouds are the tattletales about weather and weather-to-come, the world's meteorologists have long been desperate for cloud-pattern pictures of the entire earth. A single Tiros cannot keep watch on all the earth's clouds—but seven, orbiting simultaneously, could do the job. When that happens, man may be within range of controlling the weather, which now controls his life.

Space Director

As Tiros I spun skyward last week, a stocky, dark-thatched man sat in NASA's Washington headquarters, scanning electronic returns and helping nurse the new space baby into orbit. He was Abe Silverstein, NASA's director of space flight programs, and a living answer to the notion that able scientists do not enjoy working for government. Silverstein has been employed by the U.S. government for 30 of his 51 years, and he still likes his job well enough to stay at it for ten or eleven hours a day and for six days a week during peak periods.

As NASA's space flight boss, Silverstein directs the planning of U.S. space missions, the payload design and development, and the research operation once a satellite or probe has been fired. His qualifications are ample. Born in Terre Haute, Ind., Silverstein graduated from hometown Rose Polytechnic Institute in 1929 and, although he had several better-paying offers, took an engineering job with NASA's predecessor, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, at \$2,000 a year. Starting at Virginia's Langley Aeronautical Laboratory, he helped design the first full-scale wind tunnel, moved to Cleveland's Lewis Laboratory in 1943 and plunged into jet-engine research. Today's

F-80, F-101 and F-104 jet aircraft all have components designed at Lewis. Indeed, says a Silverstein aide, "there is hardly a plane flying that does not have a piece of Abe in it."

A hard-driving administrator with a sharp tongue, Silverstein moved from Cleveland to NASA's Washington headquarters in 1958, bringing with him ten Lewis Laboratory scientists. Recalls one: "We didn't really want to come to Washington. We came purely because Abe asked us to." Since then, most of Silverstein's relaxing pastimes have vanished into space; about all he has time for is taking his three children to the Washington zoo on Sunday mornings. But for Abe Silverstein, dedicated public scientist, the job is worth it.

CAT's Claws

Among those still discussing and analyzing the cause of the Lockheed Electra crash (63 dead) near Tell City, Ind. last month, there appears an ominous possibility: that the aircraft was torn apart in mid-air by a phenomenon which airmen and meteorologists have taken to calling CAT—for "clear air turbulence." If the theory proves to be true, pilots will have to find ways to keep their ships out of CAT's claws.

Every pilot is familiar with ordinary turbulence, which is generally caused by thunderstorms or some other violent weather disturbance in the lower atmosphere. Pilots avoid the worst bumps by dodging the thick clouds in which vertical air currents hide. Radar helps by spotting the veils of rain or hail that mark the violent heart of a storm. But clear air turbulence is invisible both to human eyes and to any known kind of radar. The unhappy airliner that flies into it



PUBLIC SCIENTIST SILVERSTEIN

is shaken from nose to tail without any warning whatever.

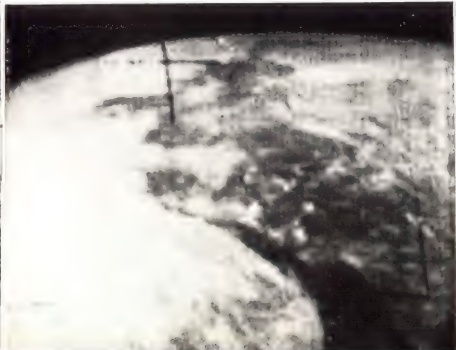
Snaking Around Earth. Dr. Harry Wexler, chief of research for the U.S. Weather Bureau, explains that CAT is generally caused by wind shear, the conflict of air masses moving at different speeds or in different directions. When such masses meet, a belt of swirls and waves appears in the boundary between them. A slow airplane can fly through moderate CAT with hardly any unpleasantness, but for a fast-flying jet the sensation is like driving a car over a cobblestone pavement with some of the stones missing.

The favorite habitat of CAT is close to the jet stream, the narrow belt of high-speed wind that snakes around the earth from west to east in mid-latitudes, often reaching 250 m.p.h. The turbulent region below the jet stream may begin as low as 15,000 ft., increasing in roughness as it nears the stream (which is not itself normally turbulent) at an average of about 30,000 ft. Another layer of CAT rides on top of the stream, reaching to 40,000 ft. There is normally some turbulence on both sides of the jet stream, but the north side is almost always the worst. No one knows why.

Waiting for Bumps. Saying that CAT surrounds the jet stream does not help detect it. The stream is capricious, whipping up and down and from side to side like a shaken rope. The only way at present to find belts of CAT is to fly an airplane through a region where it may be—and wait for the bumps to begin. The Weather Bureau intends to do this if it can get the money to fly its elaborately instrumented hurricane-hunter planes during hurricane-free seasons. Such a course of flying may suggest ways to warn pilots of CAT ahead.

Of all U.S. air disasters, the Tell City crash seems the most likely to have been caused by CAT. Otherwise, so far as is known, the worst that has happened is injuries to passengers, who got severely shaken. But jets are flying faster and higher, and when the jet stream is going their way, they make the best time by flying in it. So they meet more CAT and hit it harder.

NORTHEASTERN NORTH AMERICA SEEN FROM SPACE



EDUCATION

The Sympathizers

Passive resistance hardened in the South last week. Some 4,000 students at segregated Southern University (all Negro) in Baton Rouge, La. threatened to withdraw because 18 students had been suspended for sitdowns. Students in Greensboro, N.C. went back to picketing after Woolworth's and Kress's refused to

white students from MacMurray College in Illinois went to Montgomery, Ala. to gather firsthand evidence, were all arrested for eating with Negro students in a Negro restaurant.

Not everyone joined the movement. The chairman of the Yale *Daily News* grumbled: "If integrationists want to be helpful in fact as well as in theory, they must realize that there is nothing people

living conditions because of an ugly, sprawling slum; a \$1,400,000 deficit.

Ignoring much of Hutchins' broad-based undergraduate education, Kimpton restored specialization, regrouped courses in their traditional departments. He upped college enrollment from a low of 1,350 to its current 2,110, raised endowment by \$60 million to \$133 million, put the university comfortably in the black. To wipe out the slums, he helped form a city-university commission, later wangled Government backing for a \$106 million redevelopment program.

Kimpton feels that his predecessors lingered long after they did their useful work: "The head of a university is analogous to the head of a political organization. At some point he wears out his powers of persuasion." The next chancellor, Kimpton admits, will need to persuade good teachers to come to Chicago. The faculty, particularly in the humanities, is Kimpton's weakest legacy: "I think there's less interest in the humanities than at any time in American history."

Keeping Up with Rockefeller

In Morrilton, Ark. (pop. 6,000) the burning question is whether to keep up with a millionaire named Winthrop Rockefeller, who has fostered something rare in his adopted state: a school district that spends money. This began in 1956, when Rockefeller launched a \$2,500,000 plan "to set a pattern for other school districts to follow." He has since given Morrilton schools \$100,000 a year, picked up the \$800,000 tab for a model elementary school, and so roused the citizenry that they floated a \$350,000 bond issue, doubled real estate assessment and boosted school taxes 46%.

But what happens when the plan ends next year? To match Rockefeller's annual \$100,000 means another 26% tax boost, and last week Morrilton was trying to decide whether to hold its gains. In the Rockefeller era, the 2,000-student district has closed rural schools, upgraded graduation requirements, acquired the latest science equipment. It has hired new teachers and the only school psychologist in Arkansas. It has given Negro students (15%) precisely equal, if separate schools, and academic achievements have been doubled.

The trouble is that mounting civic pride has also stirred Morrilton to shell out more cash for new churches, sewers and an industrial-development fund, leaving little surplus for schools. Should the town not boost school taxes, it will have to drop the psychologist, art instruction, adult education and numerous other "frills." Last week some citizens seemed inclined to do just that. "Our town is too small for big, spectacular things," said one housewife. But other citizens were ready to pay at least a little more in taxes, retain some of the frills. Whatever the decision, Morrilton will never forget the past four years. Mused one mother of two wistfully perked-up schoolchildren: "How I wish that every community had a Rockefeller living on an adjacent hill."



WESLEYAN STUDENTS COLLECTING FUND IN MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Passive resistance became more active.

integrate their lunch counters. In Marshall, Texas police broke up a crowd of Negro demonstrators by training a fire hose on them. But while police clamped down on demonstrations in the South, sympathy demonstrations by white students spread over campuses in the North: At Yale, a group called Challenge, which debates the burning issues of the day, debated the sitdowns, inspired visiting students to organize rallies championing sitdowns on their own campuses.

At Boston, students from Harvard, M.I.T., Brandeis, and even prep schoolers home on vacation helped form an organization called EPIC (Emergency Public Integration Committee), picketed chain stores that practice segregation in the South, engaged Singer Harry Belafonte to kick off a fund-raising drive at Boston Arena.

At Oberlin College, students collected in ten days the largest sum to date, \$2,709.10 to help with court costs of Negroes arrested in Nashville, Tenn.

The student government at the University of Michigan fired off hot letters of protest to Southern Governors, got blistering replies.

At Connecticut's Wesleyan, students braved a bitter New England night to collect \$400 for a scholarship fund.

A white professor of sociology and ten

hate worse than to be told what to do by groups of outsiders."

A Wisconsin professor of sociology scoffed: "These are harmless pleasures of students a little starry-eyed."

Harmless or not, the demonstrations inspired New York's Taconic Foundation to donate \$10,000 for an April nationwide student conference in Washington on ways to help embattled Negro students in the South.

Clearance in Chicago

In his nine years as chancellor of the University of Chicago, Lawrence A. Kimpton, 49, has had to tame a particularly unruly section of the Midwest. He has hacked down slums that were hemming in Chicago's campus, trimmed overblown courses that were smothering the curriculum. Last week he announced his resignation because he felt he had at last put Chicago in order.

A Cornell-and-Stanford-trained philosopher, Kimpton took over a campus intellectually stirred by the sweeping changes of restless Idealist Robert Maynard Hutchins. College courses of broad generalization had buried traditional academic details. It fell to Kimpton to attend to details: an alarming drop in undergraduate enrollment because other schools feared Chicago's experimentalism; seedy



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store water for dry periods. All these projects help conserve water and prevent springtime flooding of river communities (8). Multi-purpose downstream dams (9) and levees (10) also control excess runoff, prevent floods. From the reservoirs comes water for large cities. Result: farmers have water for irrigation of crops (11). Industry has water for production (12). Inland navigation becomes possible (13). We all enjoy more recreational facilities (14).

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Unforgiven (Hecht-Hill-Lancaster: United Artists) is a massive and masterful attempt to gild the oat. The picture runs for two hours and seven minutes and cost \$5,500,000, even though most of it was filmed in what Hollywood's cost accountants call the "budget badlands" of central Mexico. It presents two major stars (Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn) and an outside posse of featured players (Audie Murphy, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, John Saxon, Albert Salmi, June Walker, Joseph Wiseman). It was directed by John Huston, whose *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* is one of the best westerns ever made, and it was shot from a script by Ben (The Asphalt Jungle) Maddow that seizes a timely and heroic theme, the struggle between human feeling and race prejudice, and develops it in epic rhythms and with epic force.

The struggle is set in the dusty barrens of the Panhandle a few years after the Civil War. An old range-runner (Wiseman), mad with grief and battles, spreads a sinister story that a dark-skinned girl (Hepburn) adopted by the long-dead father of the rancher-hero (Lancaster) is really a "red-hide whelp," a papoose the father rescued from a massacre of Kiowas. The hero asks his mother (Gish) if the tale is true. He is shattered when she says it is. Nevertheless, even though he hates Indians as only a man can whose father has been killed by them, he defends the little "red Nigrah" against the Kiowas, who fight to get her back; against the other ranchmen, who want to throw her as a sop to the raiding tribesmen; against his own brother (Murphy), whose love for his adopted sister is dissolved in hatred of her race; and even against herself, when she tries to go back to her people. Sexual love and physical violence somewhat confuse the racial issue, but the sex is interpreted with grace and dignity, and the violence with plenty of the old gee-whiz.

Director Huston is in fact at the top of his form as an entertainer in the grandstand manner. Unfortunately, he has tried to be more than an entertainer. *The Unforgiven* is designed and executed as a heroic poem, a sort of cow-country *Cid*. Its pace is slow and noble. Its frames are often stark tableaux. Its characters are simplified and enlarged into figures for a legend. But the legend, like most synthetic folklore, fails to come alive. How could it when the sod but looks like a page from *HOUSE & HOME*, when the back-country heroine has an elocution-school accent, when the cowpunching hero has clean, executive hands? Mankind needs new and vital legends, and Director Huston should not be blamed for trying to make one. Only for trying to fake one.

Tall Story (Mansfield Productions; Warner), as a hit comedy (TIME, Feb. 9, 1950) written for Broadway by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, was con-

structed on the principle of the basketball. A variety of vapid college humors were compressed into an airtight container of cynical wit laced up with some penetrating moral strictures. Joshua Logan, who produced and directed this film version of the play, has managed with singular skill to peel off the wit and the penetrating remarks. What is left is rather difficult to describe, but it sure doesn't have much bounce.

The hero (Tony Perkins) of the picture is a big man on a small West Coast campus, an All-America basketball player who falls into a slack-jawed dribble every time he sees the cheerleader (Jane Fonda) of



FONDA & PERKINS in "STORY"
As exciting as a soggy sweat sock.

his dreams. She spreads the net; he flips the question. But how can they get married without money? A gambler offers to supply the cash on the usual condition: throw the Big Game. Tony is led into temptation but delivered from evil just in time to save the day (81-80) for dear old Custer.

Nothing could possibly save the picture, not even the painfully personable Perkins doing his famous awkward act, not even a second-generation Fonda with a smile like her father's and legs like a chorus girl. The lines ("Beget—isn't that a sweet word for it?") are stupefyingly cute, the sight gags frantically unfunny, the climax about as exciting as a soggy sweat sock.

Please Don't Eat the Daisies (Euterpe; M-G-M) is a mildly amusing domestic comedy that purports to be based on the 1957 bestseller by Jean Kerr, playwright-wife of Walter Kerr, drama critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Actually, since the book had about as much plot as a suburban train schedule, it has provided the picture with no more than its title, its principal characters and a couple of its better gags. The rest is Hollywood.

The hero (David Niven), like Author Kerr's husband, is a Broadway aislebird. The heroine (Doris Day) is his wife, the mother of his four small sons, who believe that in every democratic family the majority rules. Also in the aislebird's nest: a fluttery nitwit of a mother-in-law (Spring Byington), a good-natured domestic slavery (Patsy Kelly), and a neurotic sheep dog that has to be given a tranquilizer whenever he sees a cat.

About halfway through the picture they all move to a falling-down mansion in the suburbs. When the painters take over, the critic temporarily moves back to Manhattan, where for a couple of reels he is hotly pursued by an actress (Janis Paige) who wants him to see an undress rehearsal of her favorite role. For a scene or two the marriage seems to be in trouble, but everything of course ends happily with the critic on the hearth. Typical dialogue, mother to son:

"Stop kicking the table with your foot."

"I'm not kicking; I'm tapping."

"All right, stop tapping the table with your foot."

"It isn't my foot; it's a fork."

"Well, stop tapping with the fork."

"It's just one of the kitchen forks."

"Look, will you stop doing anything!"

"You want me to stop eating?"

Home from the Hill (Sol C. Siegel; M-G-M). Bang. And another Texan (Robert Mitchum) bites the dust, shot-gunned down by a trigger-happy husband whose wife has been "grassed out," as they say down that-a-way. "Tell yuh the truth," Mitchum murmurs when he finds himself alive, "I don't rightly remember which one she was." Carried home by one of his illegitimate sons (George Peppard), he is met by the frozen sneer of a frigid wife (Eleanor Parker). "I could walk in here with my head under my arm," he announces bitterly, "and you wouldn't turn a hair." She shrugs. "If you'd stayed at home, this wouldn't have happened." He sneers. "I'd a-stayed at home if they was anything to stay at home fo'."

The only thing the frigid wife cares about is her sissified son (George Hamilton), who has a little net and chases butterflies. Disgusted, Mitchum gives the boy a gun and teaches him to chase the wild boar. Mother sobs. "Yew said he was mahm if Ah stayed." Father snarls triumphantly. "Go join a garden club. He's mahm!" Soon the boy starts chasing two-fisted game (Luana Patten), which he easily bags.

From there out, the plot begins to get so complicated that only an East Texas coon dog could possibly follow it—be dumb enough to want to. But up to a point the picture, which is rather crudely adapted from a vigorous first novel by William Humphrey, has a certain low Faulknerian likability.

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MEDICINE

Viruses & Leukemia

The theory that viruses are to blame for some forms of human cancer, especially leukemia, was strengthened last week by striking evidence gained from experiments with human volunteers. Most notable: the tests gave reason for increased hope that it may be possible to prevent leukemia with a vaccine.

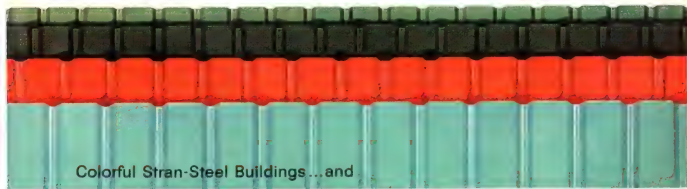
That viruses cause some forms of mouse leukemia has long been accepted, but years of the most exacting research failed to turn up viruses in human victims of a similar disease, acute leukemia. Probably, reasoned Dr. Steven O. Schwartz of Chicago's Hektoen Institute, this was because the virus was somehow modified in the patient's body.

The Choice. The problem was to get the virus in its original state from tissues where the modification did not take place. Dr. Schwartz's choice: the human brain. He took fluid from the brains of patients who had died of leukemia, removed the cells, injected what was left into mice. Many, even in strains that seldom get the disease spontaneously, developed leukemia (TIME, July 27). But rabbits seemed to make antibodies to neutralize the virus. Could the human species do as well?

Yes. Dr. Schwartz told an American Cancer Society meeting in Louisville last week. To get his evidence, he appealed to inmates of Cook County Jail, got 14 volunteers. "Since we are trying to find the answers to human leukemia, we must make tests in man," said Dr. Schwartz. "And we believed there was a minimum of risk to the prisoners." His research teams injected a leukemia victim's fluid into the prisoners' forearm four times, and twice took a pint of their blood.

Then the researchers took batches of identical mice. Into one group they injected the leukemic brain fluid. Virtually all of these developed leukemia. But a second group got an injection of purified serum from the prisoners' blood before the leukemic brain fluid. Only half of these got leukemia. Dr. Schwartz's conclusion: the prisoners, being healthy and not predisposed to leukemia, had reacted the way most normal human beings do, and had made antibodies against the leukemia virus in the brain fluid. These antibodies made their serum work like a crude vaccine, which protected half the mice.

The Hope. Other cancer experts at the meeting were impressed because, if Dr. Schwartz's work can be duplicated and confirmed, it would mark a giant stride against a disease that now kills 12,000 Americans (most of them children) annually. But Dr. Schwartz agreed that the relationship of virus to disease in leukemia must be far more complex than in common illnesses such as smallpox, influenza, measles and polio; for one thing, leukemia is not infectious. Inherited susceptibility is essential, he believes, while hormones and X rays may be important controlling factors. So, he emphasized, a



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vaccine against human leukemia is still far in the future.

But while some viruses are under indictment as causative factors in certain forms of cancer, others may be helpful in treating the disease. Dr. Bernard Briody of New Jersey's Seton Hall University told the meeting that the cowpox virus (used in smallpox vaccine) kills some cancer cells and retards the growth of mouse cancers. For once, medical scientists did not have to wait years to get evidence of a similar effect in man. By coincidence, Yokohama University's Professor Yoshikuni Noguchi reported simultaneously that he was getting encouraging though temporary results in treating skin cancers (especially on the face and hands) with smallpox vaccine.



James F. Coyne—Fortuna
GYNECOLOGIST ROCK

Will his church accept his pill?

Pregnancy Control

The 400 experts assembled in Cincinnati by the American Society for the Study of Sterility devoted more than half of their three-day meeting (ended this week) to the 10% of U.S. couples who want but cannot have babies. But the biggest news concerned the other 90%—the couples who, without contraceptive measures, would have more babies than they want. The consensus: research into the chemical, medical and social aspects of the problem is fast progressing to the stage where simplified but still safe contraception will be available at prices that most of the world's people can afford.

In the U.S., with its high standard of living, physicians have prescribed the diaphragm-and-spermicide combination (see box) almost to the exclusion of other methods for about 30 years, though it is somewhat cumbersome as well as costly. Drs. Edward T. Tyler and Henry J. Olson of the Los Angeles Planned Parenthood Center wondered whether adequate control of pregnancies

could be achieved without the diaphragm, relying on spermicidal jelly or cream alone. For more than 2½ years they tried it with 757 women, got a pregnancy rate somewhat higher than with the diaphragm combination (the most effective so far discovered), but low enough to be acceptable to most husbands and wives.

Oral Progestin. Striving for still greater simplicity, the doctors also tested spermicidal tablets to be inserted by the wife shortly before intercourse. Some of these are called foaming tablets because they include an additional chemical to promote the rapid spread of the sperm-killing substance. Drs. Tyler and Olson used the plain kind; 642 patients got results about equal to those with jelly or cream.

Most controversial of contraceptive methods now under medical investigation is the use of pills to be taken orally, one a day, made of synthetic steroid chemicals called progestins (TIME, Oct. 21, 1957). After trying six, the Los Angeles physicians narrowed their choice to two, norethynedrol (G. D. Searle & Co.'s Enovid) and norethindrone (Parke, Davis & Co.'s Norlutin). By now, they have had 1,286 patients on the pills, with a pregnancy rate about equal to that with jelly or tablets. But many women cannot tolerate the incidental effects—nausea, cramps, weight gain. Another disadvantage: the pills have to be taken 20 days each month, and even highly intelligent women had trouble with this schedule.

A forthright answer to more serious objections came from Harvard's Professor Emeritus John Rock, whose tests in Puerto Rico (TIME, Oct. 21, 1957) are the most exhaustive to date. There had been fear that the pills might permanently reduce a woman's fertility, so that if she were using them to space pregnancies, and stopped taking them to have another baby, she might be unable to conceive. Not so, said Dr. Rock: "The pregnancy rate of women who have stopped taking the pills is phenomenal." By a rebound effect, the pills may actually increase fertility.

Cause No Cancer. The harsher, haunting fear that the pills might predispose to cancer was another of Dr. Rock's targets. Many fewer cases of cancer of the cervix than would be expected have developed. Several women with very early cancer of the cervix had their disease temporarily arrested. Said Dr. Rock: "Enovid doesn't cure cancer, but it holds it in abeyance, and it emphatically has not caused cancer."

Like his Los Angeles colleagues, Dr. Rock viewed the pills as merely a means of modifying a woman's monthly cycle. As an active Roman Catholic layman, Dr. Rock went farther and provocatively insisted that it must be acceptable to the church as a morally permissible variant of the rhythm method. But before oral contraception could become a matter of widespread practical concern, the pharmaceutical industry would have to do something about production and prices. The pills are in short supply and cost about 55¢ each.

CONTRACEPTION

Human reproduction requires a perfect balance of so many factors that to scientists it seems little short of miraculous that the process ever succeeds. Yet for centuries man has failed to find an acceptable, safe, sure and economical way to thwart it. He has tried about a dozen.

ABSTENTION. The only sure method.

WITHDRAWAL before climax. Far from certain, and emotionally disturbing to both partners.

RHYTHM. Based on the fact that a woman can conceive only within about 24 hours after ovulation. This usually occurs twelve to 16 days after the beginning of each menstrual cycle. But there is great variation among women, and even in one woman's cycles. Practiced by 20% of U.S. couples.

PHYSICAL BARRIER (condom) used by the man to prevent meeting of sperm and ovum.

PHYSICAL BARRIER used by the woman in hopes of closing off the mouth of the womb. Some devices (not the diaphragm) previously recommended by physicians are now generally condemned as likely to cause disease.

IRRIGATION (douche) to wash out the sperm after intercourse. The water may be plain, or have added boric acid, vinegar or proprietary compounds sold "for feminine hygiene." Relatively ineffective.

SPERMICIDES, inserted by the woman before intercourse, using various media: creams and jellies, suppositories, soluble and foaming tablets.

COMBINATION. The method that has received widest medical approval in Western nations for about 30 years. The woman uses a rubber diaphragm to cover the mouth of the womb, in combination with spermicidal cream or jelly. Used by 35% of U.S. couples.

ANCIENT DRUGS. Scores of folk-medicine herbals have been credited (on folklore evidence) with reducing fertility. Modern medical scientists are now investigating tribal prescriptions from central Africa to the South Seas.

PROLONGED NURSING, up to two or three years, traditionally practiced to postpone a new pregnancy, is unreliable but has some scientific basis: it tends to maintain the output of hormones that prevent ovulation.

MODERN CHEMICALS produce some of the desired effects but are outlawed because of prohibitive side effects.

SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

In the Gutter

At any well-run funeral for a "beloved" actor or "distinguished" playwright, someone is bound to call the theater a shrine. And so it has been during much of its history. At certain times, it has been a shrine to God, or to the Fates, as the source of meaning in the human drama. Later, it became a shrine mostly to man



WILLIAMS PUPPETS AT PLAY*
Still sick in the soul.

seeking—vainly—to rule his own destiny. But today's theater does not even worship man; it lives, precariously, by holding him in contempt.

This notion is beginning to dawn even on hardheaded Broadway professionals as they seek to explain the facts: of 45 productions that have opened on Broadway since last autumn, 30 have already closed, half of them after scarcely a week. It is the most disastrous season within memory, not only financially but artistically, and few deny that the American theater suffers from a sickness of the soul.

Non-Heroes. The Theatre Guild's President Lawrence Langner thinks that scripts cater to parochial Broadway tastes, insists that the rest of the nation is not so fond of rape, referees and sodomy. His views won front-page attention in a recent issue of *Variety* under the banner: **FOLKS DON'T DIG THAT FREUD.** And Broadway Critic John Chapman has been offering a similar warning: the theater is in atrophy, he suggests, because it has lost faith in the spirit of man.

In mid-20th century America, the dom-

inant note on the stage is not courage excitement or hope. It is not even honest despair, which can be the beginning of fortitude. It is a kind of bored preoccupation with familiar vices, treated with tabloid sensationalism, or written off in psychological clichés, but too rarely measured against sin and salvation, human striving and human failure.

The trouble is not so much that playwrights are attracted to violent or ugly themes. These almost inevitably occur in great drama. The trouble is in the spirit in which these themes are treated. In any of its high periods, the drama implied a human condition capable of dignity and hence of tragedy. The non-hero of too many modern plays starts out in the gutter and ends up there; he is not tragic because he never rises and hence cannot fall.

Pink Puppets. Columbia University Dean Jacques Barzun extends the point. The contemporary stage, he says, "is filled with characters all driven like machinery. When that happens once or twice, it may be interesting, but after that, boredom. Real drama always implies a certain amount of free will. But when you've got puppets from the start, you know after the first five minutes what the outcome will be—and it will not matter."

Of all the puppets on the Broadway stage—the psychology-prattlers and sociology-spouters, the junkies, the drunks, the rebellious adolescents, the child-eating moms, the vicious generals and sweet-souled "liberals," the organization men who want to "sell out" and the staunch little women who won't, the inarticulate minorities and their articulate champions—of all these, the most significant are the puppets maneuvered by Tennessee Williams. At times they have been stunningly lifelike, and once or twice Puppeteer Williams has put on a rattling good show. But he and his imitators have also had a disastrous influence on the U.S. stage.

As Novelist-Critic Mary McCarthy wrote of *A Streetcar Named Desire*: "Williams is addicted to the embroidering lie, the stark contrast, the jagged scene, the jungle motifs ('They come together with low, animal moans'), to suicide, homosexuality, rape and insanity. His work creates in the end that very effect of painful falsity which is imparted to the Kowalski household by Blanche's pink lampshade."

Lost Pride. The pink light falls everywhere; even in a new political comedy, supposedly about an election that is surrounded by summity, H-bombs and other momentous symbols of history (*See THEATER*), the author can think of no other key plot devices than a "nervous breakdown" and homosexuality. As for the off-Broadway theater, it sometimes shows encouraging desires to break old forms and find new ones. But in the main the changes are mechanical and superficial. Example: beneath the Pirandellian surface of *The Connection* (TIME, Jan.

25), there is just a den of junkies being exposed only for exposure's sake. Typically, the play's shortcoming is not in the fixes they take through the arm but in the lack of repair to their souls.

No serious critic is calling for "whole-some" theater as such. Some of the season's worst plays have been entirely wholesome. But the fact remains that, as Critic Chapman puts it, "When man loses all pride in himself, he will go—and his theater is already going fast."

That Sweet Bird

Walter Dakin Williams, 41, is a captain in the U.S. Air Force, stationed at Scott A.F.B. near St. Louis. He is an enthusiastic bridge player, an amateur actor and an occasional writer. In the Roman Catholic magazine *Information* last week, Captain Williams (a Catholic convert since 1944) discussed his older brother Tom. When he was just a tot back home in Columbus, Miss., Tom had once dug a huge hole in the yard, explaining: "I'm diggin' to de debil." Today he is digging still, and getting closer—or so it seems to millions who know Tom as Tennessee Williams.

The gist of Dakin's argument is that Tom "is not a 'dirty' writer," that he is really turning out "morality plays."

Exposure of Sin. Head on, Walter meets skeptics who find mostly corruption in his brother's work (*see above*). *The Glass Menagerie* is both "positive and healthy," he says, "eulogizes the heroic qualities of human nature in adversity." Admitting the "negative charge" in Tennessee's other plays—he calls *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* "a symphony of evil"—Dakin nonetheless finds an implied positive in each. Rape of a sister-in-law (*A Streetcar Named Desire*), homosexuality (*Cat*, etc.), cannibalism (*Suddenly, Last Summer*), garden-variety adultery (*Orpheus Descending*) and castration (*Sweet*



TENNESSEE AT 23
Still digging to de debil.

* Barbara Bel Geddes and Ben Gazzara in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.



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NANCY KWAN IN "SUZIE WONG"
Occidental under the cheong-sam.

Bird of Youth) may not be radiant with uplift, but "there can be no valid moral objection to the exposure of this sort of sin in human nature."

The only Tennessee Williams product ever condemned by the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency, Williams' brother points out, was the film *Baby Doll*, and the problem there lay more in Hollywood than in Tennessee: the long, "morally offensive" seduction scene between Carroll Baker and Eli Wallach was played without dialogue, and the playwright, therefore, "was not in the least responsible." With Douay-eyed insistence, Dakin reports: "Tennessee is really looking for God . . . He is searching for pardon for the sinner in the mercy of an all-loving God . . . He believes in God . . . He is also aware of his blood relationship to St. Francis Xavier."⁶

Brotherly Shove. Basically, concludes Dakin Williams, his brother is like one of his own characters: Chance Wayne, who "seeks to recapture his 'sweet bird of youth'—his lost innocence." Adds Dakin: "In a recent conversation, Tennessee confided to me that although he was not certain that any Christian church had as yet discovered God, if it were now necessary for him to make a choice between the various churches, he would choose the Catholic Church."

Captain Williams' article closes with a brotherly shove, as he remembers a day long years ago when little Tom was playing with his toys in the yard and the heavens lowered with thunderheads. "Please God, don't let it rain until I get my things in," cried the future Tennessee Williams. Warns Brother Dakin: "The clock is ticking loudly"; Tennessee had better find his religious shelter "before the coming rain."

⁶ Williams traces his descent across four centuries to St. Francis' brother Valentine.

MOVIES ABROAD

Take Tea & See

Wonton-sized Nancy Ka Shen Kwan (5 ft. 2 in., 104 lbs.) is the most delicate Oriental import since Tetley's tender little tea leaves. Last week 20-year-old Nancy was before the cameras in London filming *The World of Suzie Wong*, and from the first frame the part fitted like her own freckles. Furthermore, the new "yum-yum girl" has saved the movie.

Two months ago, Star France Nuyen, who played Suzie on Broadway (*TIME*, Oct. 27, 1958), broke out in a rash of symptoms (ranging from a chronic sore throat to a heart bleeding for Marlon Brando and a pain in the neck for the producer) and was dropped from the cast. At that point, Producer Ray Stark called Nancy in Toronto, where she was understudying a road-show *Suzie*, ordered her onto the first plane to London. "Tell the stage manager your father's had a heart attack," said Stark. "You're an actress. Go in there and cry."

With a few months of acting lessons behind her, Nancy wept well enough. Says Director Richard Quine: "She leaps to the bait like a hungry trout. She never has to be told twice, and she's resilient as a Yo-Yo." Daughter of a Chinese architect and an English-born Conover-model mother, Nancy knows Suzie Wong's world as well as anyone in the cast. When she was not absorbing an education in Hong Kong's Roman Catholic Maryknoll convent school, she was playing in the city where Suzie herself grew up.

Let anyone have any doubts that her East-West blend can stand comparison with Hollywood's well-known brands, company flacks have already hastened to announce that under her high-buttoned cheong-sam (the Chinese sheath with the slit skirt), she is the equal of any Occidental. But Nancy promptly corrected the

claim that she has "the ample bosom of the Nordics." Said she demurely: "It is big for the Chinese, enough for the English, maybe small for Italians."

TELEVISION

Hands Across the Screen

There are millions of duffers in televisionland who delight in watching an expert at work—and if the expert muffs or fluffs, so much the better. The latest program with big duffer appeal is *Championship Bridge*, run weekly on film over 175 ABC stations by Bridge King Charles Goren (*TIME* cover, Sept. 29, 1958), and most of its ingredients are about as easy in TV production as a lay-down slam.

Goren and his TV producer bring the expert pairs into Chicago for the filming, with guarantees of \$1,000 to the winning pair, \$500 to the losers (\$250 and \$500 bonuses for small and grand slams). As Goren and TV Commentator Alex Dreier spin out a running dialogue on the bid and play from a glassed-in booth, the cameras and microphones hover over the table, picking up hands and the players' chitchat. Goren never erases his own predictions from the sound track when he is wrong, or the cardsmen's had plays when they occur.

In this week's show, Alphonse Moysse Jr., editor of *Bridge World*, defended a four-heart contract with Fellow Expert Bertram Lebhar, against Leonard B. Harmon and Ivar Stakgold. Before Moysse made his opening lead, Goren noted that Declarer Harmon was obviously down, announced that any orthodox lead would set the contract (four tricks: ace and queen of trumps, ace of spades, and a spade ruff by East).

NORTH
(Ivar Stakgold)
♠ K J 8 6
♥ 10 4 3 2

♠ A K Q 5 2

WEST
(Alphonse Moysse)
♠ A Q 9 7
♥ A Q
♦ K 10 8 5
♣ 8 6 4

EAST
(Bert Lebhar)
♠ 10
♥ 8 5
♦ Q 7 6 4 3 2
♣ J 9 7 3

SOUTH
(Leonard Harmon)
♠ 5 4 3 2
♥ K J 9 7 6
♦ A Q J
♣ 10

But to Goren's astonishment, Moysse led the diamond king, with the notion that it was a brilliant and unorthodox play. Declarer Harmon threw off a spade in the dummy, winning the first trick with his ace, played the queen and jack of diamonds (discarding two more spades in dummy), and went on to make the contract, losing only West's two trumps and the spade ace.

As Goren says, even the experts go wrong—and the duffers keep tuning in.



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Eight days to London! [The stirrup cup was White Horse, of course]

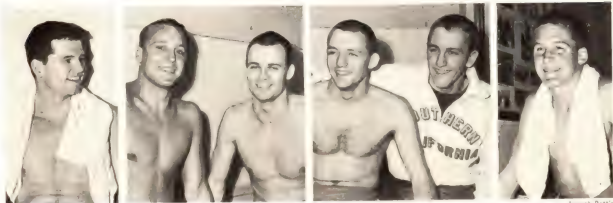
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CLARK

Look out for those U.S. kids.

Joseph Pettis

American Water Bugs

Their shoulders were just beginning to smooth over with muscle, and their legs were still developing full power. Many had never competed in a national swimming meet. But before they were done with the A.A.U. championships held in Yale's Gothic Payne Whitney Gymnasium last week, the youthful American water bugs had served notice on the world—including the feared Australians and Japanese—that the U.S. was improving fast for the Rome Olympics next August. The A.A.U. meet was, in fact, the greatest in U.S. history: with 14 swimming events on the program, seven American records were broken and two others equaled.

Symbolic of the swimming surge were the defeats of Indianapolis' Frank McKinney Jr. (son of the onetime Democratic National Committee chairman), who had been the finest U.S. backstroke in history. Last week, swimming as well as ever, the 21-year-old McKinney was twice trounced by the University of Southern California's late-blooming Charlie Bittick, who tied the American record for the 100 in 54.4, set the record for the 220 in 2:13.1. And the 20-year-old Bittick frankly said, "I'm scared" by the times of 17-year-old Roger Goettsche of the New Trier (Ill.) swim club, who was barely touched out by McKinney in the 100.

Plainly proving the success of a massive A.A.U. regional swimming program were these performances in other key events:

¶ Thrashing like a windmill run amuck, Indiana University Sophomore Mike Troy, 19, tied his own 53.1 American record for the 100-yd. butterfly, broke his American record for the 220-yd. butterfly by 4.4 sec. with a time of 2:12.4.

¶ The 100-yd. breast stroke went to an 18-year-old University of Michigan freshman named Dick Nelson, who, say swimming coaches, is just getting the knack of his difficult stroke, despite the fact that he set a meet record of 1:02.4.

¶ In the 400-yd. medley (butterfly, backstroke, breast stroke, freestyle), Stanford Junior George Harrison, 20, won in 4:28.6 to better by 2.6 sec. the fastest time ever recorded for the event and earn high praise from Yale's Coach Emeritus Bob

SPORT

Kiphuth: "Technically the greatest all-round swimmer in the world." Behind Harrison was Sophomore Lance Larson of the University of Southern California, who himself was .5 sec. under the record.

¶ Never a standout at Syracuse University, Navy Lieut. (j.g.) John McGill, 23, turned the 200-yd. medley in 2:03.3 to knock 7.8 sec. off his best pre-meet time and set an A.A.U. championship record. Cracked McGill: "I'm as surprised as anyone."

¶ In the 100-yd. freestyle, the feature event of any swimming meet, the man to beat was Jeff Farrell, 23, a weight-lifting Navy lieutenant who had won the 220 in the record time of 2:00.2. In a trial heat, Farrell tied the listed record of 48.9. But 16-year-old Steve Clark of Los Angeles qualified in 48.8. Suitably impressed, Farrell hit his tumble turns in the finals like

an acrobat, won in the record time of 48.2 (Clark was fifth, with 49.4). So fast were the American sprinters that 19 bettered the 51-sec. world record of Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller, which had stood from 1927 to 1943. Australia's Jon Henricks, 24, a student at the University of Southern California, and 100-meter gold medal winner in the 1956 Olympics, did not even qualify for the finals.

U.S. swimming coaches expect the American youngsters to improve even more this spring and summer as they train in the outdoor, long-course pools that will be used in the Rome Olympics. Just a few months ago, the swimming Olympics looked like a private war between Australia and Japan. But on the basis of last week's showing, U.S. swimmers should be strong contenders in the sprints of every stroke, put together relay teams that can give anyone a battle. Said Yale's Coach Phil Moriarty: "These youngsters are thinking big. They see no limit to the horizon of swimming times."

Head of the Horse Factory

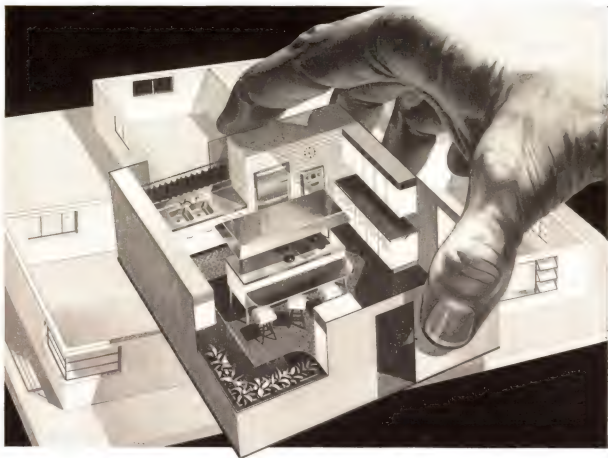
Thoroughbred racing is described as the sport of kings. But the man who has sent far more winners to U.S. tracks than anyone in history has no blue—or even bluegrass—blood in his veins. He was born on Manhattan's Upper East Side and raised in Brooklyn. He cares less about equine lineage than about spotting a well-shaped colt with a cheap price tag. Yet last week at Aqueduct, Trainer Hirsch Jacobs, 56, saw his 3,000th thoroughbred enter the winner's circle.

For two days Jacobs stood at 2,999 wins—and New York newspapers waited excitedly for the memorable 3,000th. Jacobs, as always, went calmly about his business. He entered five horses one day. All lost. He entered four the next. All lost. Finally, in a \$3,500 claiming race on the third day, a filly named Blue Waters won. The Aqueduct crowd of 26,000 subway jockeys cheered as though they had just seen the Kentucky Derby.

Cheaper by the Dozen. Unlike such other famed trainers as Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons (Wheatley Stable, Ogden Phipps) and Jimmy Jones (Calumet Farm), canny Hirsch Jacobs works for



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himself: he breeds and trains his own horses. While rival trainers tend to concentrate on a few promising horses, developing and saving them for a handful of high-prize stakes races, Jacobs sends his to the gate in wholesale lots. With his horse-factory methods, Jacobs seldom gets a truly famous horse. He has never, for example, won the Kentucky Derby; nor does he have a candidate for 1960's triple crown of racing. But if he lags in the big races, he hogs the lesser ones: in total wins he has led the nation's trainers for eleven years, topped his rivals on the prestigious New York circuit for 22 of the past 27 years—and amassed a staggering total of \$9,000,000 in purses during his 34-year career.

The son of a Jewish tailor, Jacobs began with the only racers that could find moving room in New York City: homing pigeons. In 1926 he tapped his pigeons' nest egg for \$1,500 to buy a nag named Revellon. Two years later, he struck up an alliance with Shakespeare-spieling Isador ("Kid") Bieber, a onetime Broadway ticket scalper famed for his big bets (he won \$60,000 by backing an underdog incumbent named Woodrow Wilson in 1916).

Bankrolled by Bieber, Jacobs bought horses, horses and more horses. In 1943 he found his only genuinely great thoroughbred: a red-sheened colt named Stymie, available for only \$1,500. Tough as a cow pony and possessed of a champion's heart, Stymie started 131 times, won 35 races, took \$918,485 to make him racing's top moneywinner up to that time.

The Secret. To win his 3,000 races, Hirsch Jacobs figures he has saddled at least 20,000 horses. Still in partnership with Bieber, Trainer Jacobs is getting help this year from his sons, John, 25 and Tom, 19. But he shows up at Aqueduct every morning at 7:30. "This business," he said last week, "is full of heartaches. You get a horse worth \$50,000 one morning; by afternoon you can't get \$1,000 for him." He paused to run an anxious hand down the legs of a horse, "Shins," he said. "The biggest menace is sore shins. Anyone can train a horse. But to win, you've got to have a horse that is in shape. That's the only secret there is."

Scoreboard

¶ Heaving a borrowed 16-lb. shot like a pingpong ball, Army Lieut. Bill Nieder (6 ft. 3 in., 247 lbs.) got off a put of 65 ft. 7 in. to break the world record by a whopping 1 ft. 3 in. at the Texas Relays in Austin.

¶ In pre-Kentucky Derby action, good luck came to Owner Leonard Fruchman's highly regarded Bally Ache as he won the \$120,600 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park; bad luck knocked favored Warfare out of the Derby when he chipped an ankle while training at Aqueduct.

¶ Using radical, shovel-shaped oar blades, the Oxford crew tumbled Cambridge on the Thames by 1½ lengths in their 106th race, despite the rooting of former Cambridge Coxswain Antony Armstrong-Jones and his fiancée, Princess Margaret.

THE THEATER

New Play on Broadway

The Best Man (by Gore Vidal). Broadway's salute to an election year, is a lively theater piece laid at a fanciful 1960 national convention and concerned with a fierce struggle between two would-be nominees, Former Secretary of State Melvyn Douglas is urbane, intellectual and endowed with scruples; Senator Frank Lovejoy is self-made, self-obsessed and swollen with ambition. When a tough old pro of an ex-President rejects the role of kingmaker, Lovejoy plans to knock out Douglas by reviving a forgotten mental breakdown; and if Douglas will stoop, he



Friedman/Abel
EX-SECRETARY, EX-PRESIDENT & SENATOR
Who's half-who?

in turn can bring up an old Army scandal.

From there on till near the end, *The Best Man* chronicles a pretty traditional struggle between a set hero and a set villain, and much of the play's interest lies in the sheer simplicity of this. Despite its election-year coloring, *The Best Man* is really a hardy perennial in the way it sets ethics against opportunism, statesmanship against careerism, and light against darkness. In the course of the evening, any number of real-life names and topical references crop up. Dinner parties will thrive on arguing who's who, or who's half-who, among the play's characters. But Playwright Vidal knows that to keep things spinning, storytelling means more than anecdote-mongering, and a protagonist more than a prototype. *The Best Man* provides little about issues or rival parties; indeed it all but obliterates the idea of there being any second party. A modern-angled political morality play, it yet never forgets that bad politics make good theater, that stage tricks pale beside political ones.

Briskly staged by Joseph Anthony, *The Best Man* gets an able production. Melvyn Douglas is firm, suave and never priggish; Frank Lovejoy is much more than a mere stage villain; and Lee Tracy, fine as the ex-President, leaves a void when he is killed off before the end.

ONCE UPON A TIME

There were two men, Adam and Zeb.

Adam risked all his savings to set himself up as an independent neighborhood merchant.

Zeb took a factory job which required no risk from him.

Neighborhood competition finally caused Adam to go broke and give up his store. He was out of work and out of savings.

Circumstances eventually made Zeb's job unnecessary. He was out of work, but he had his savings. And his severance pay. And his unemployment compensation.

Nobody felt sorry for Adam. The neighborhood shoppers felt justified in patronizing the most efficient merchant. It was Adam's own responsibility if he couldn't keep up. Let him retrain himself and find another job.

Many people felt sorry for Zeb. They said the factory should let Zeb stand beside the new equipment and be paid even though he was not needed. By assumption, he owned the job which he had not created.

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ART



ARTIST HALE AT WORK ON HIS TERRACE STUDIO

Negative Realist

Crazily crowded openings, with enthusiasts jammed straight up against the pictures they came to view, are a regular feature of the booming Manhattan art season. But few had seen the like of Robert Beverly Hale's opening at Manhattan's Staempfli Gallery last week. His show began selling out[®] before the first Scotch spilled, remained a pandemonium long after the caterer's bar had closed. It was his first one-man show in Manhattan; were it his last, he would have achieved a lasting fame. The artist, a stooped and apparently quizzical Yankee aristocrat, 59 luxurious years old, was so moved that he invited sundry friends to dinner. More than half a hundred accepted on the spot.

Phenomenal Rise. Born on the sunny, frosty side of Boston's Beacon Hill, Hale grew up in Manhattan, studied at Columbia, the Sorbonne and Manhattan's Art Students League. "I really learned drawing at the League," he says gently, smiling from the corner of his Raymond Massey mouth. "You learn something when you are with it more than eight hours a day." Hale went on to become a drawing instructor at the League and elsewhere, seemed destined for genteel, professorial obscurity until 1949, when the late Metropolitan Museum director, Francis Henry Taylor, tapped him for curator of contemporary American art. Taylor was un-

der heavy fire for having allowed the Met's purchases of modern American painting to lapse. He gave Hale his wrinkled, balding, well-groomed head, and Hale began buying right and left.

Spreading his impeccable tails, Hale has ridden the art boom sky-high. "If something happens in San Francisco," he murmurs confidently, "it will usually cross my desk within a week. I know all the able artists who can give valuable opinions on new art. The rise in pictures I have bought is phenomenal: the market has moved up with me, you know?"

Sensitivity & Boldness. Hale believes that "good painting consists of good color, good composition and good drawing. Good drawing has declined tremendously in recent years, because if anyone draws well he is attacked as being sentimental or anecdotal. The result is that many teachers cannot draw well and neither can their pupils. Therefore they are doomed to create what I call geometrical or biological abstractions—Scotch plaid or turkey-dinner paintings."

Hale's own drawings look rather like Rorschach tests that the doctor never thought of. Using India ink and a very long brush, Hale sketches in the shadows of ideas. These blotlike shadows have sensitivity and boldness—a happy combination—but what do they signify? Plenty.

[®] Item: a large, flaking Jackson Pollock abstraction, for which Hale paid a reputed \$32,000 in 1957, recently brought a \$75,000 offer from the dealer who sold it, might bring \$100,000 in the open market.

he says: "In some cases I think I have achieved negative realism. In a few years I think it will be possible to communicate with life on other planets around the sun. I suspect we will learn more about negative realism from the beings on other planets. Negative realism is in the subconscious. New artists must break a hole in the subconscious and go fishing there."

MAGPIE'S TREASURE

IN all the years that she lived in West Newton, Mass., no one was ever sure just what Mrs. William J. Gunn was up to. Day after day she and her husband would go off on one of their mysterious drives. Even after he died, she seemed to those expeditions alone. She seemed to have plenty of money, and the occasional visitor to her home, which she kept surrounded by two fences, could catch a glimpse of what she spent it on—Chinese bric-a-brac, 18th century books, and antique card cases that she had persuaded her amenable husband to adopt as a hobby. But what of the "pictures" she once maintained she was after? No one ever saw more than two or three.

It was not until after her death in 1953 that Mrs. Gunn's strange ways with pictures came to be known. An alert lady dealer, who had long been curious about the Gunns' collecting habits, decided to make a bid on their collection. But as soon as she found out the extent of what she had actually bought, she notified Art Patron Stephen Clark, chairman of the board of the New York State Historical Association. Mrs. Gunn's hidden hoard turned out to be a major historical windfall: more than 600 early American paintings that had been painstakingly collected over 25 years—only to be left to rot in an unheated barn.

For the Record. This month the association's graceful Fenimore House in Cooperstown, N.Y. will open an exhibition of 81 of the 175 paintings that Clark bought for the museum. Added to the museum's already extensive collection of Americana, this magpie's treasure gives a strangely touching glimpse into the often painful efforts of a young society to put itself on record. The show has its share of gentle snow scenes and of stiff little battles being fought by toylike soldiers. But most of the paintings are portraits—the faces of scores of now nameless men and women who, in their way, wanted to be remembered.

The majority of the artists are nameless, too, but from those who can be identified, historians have put together a picture of an ingenious lot. Jolly "Aunt Ruth" Bascom of Gill, Mass. liked to produce portraits by standing a subject against the light, tracing out the silhouette, and then filling in the face later. Back in 1831, William Mathew Prior of Bath, Me. offered bargains: "Persons

[®] Eleven drawings at \$240 to \$300; one painting at \$1,000.



"LADY IN A WHITE BONNET" was painted by an unknown artist about 1830. The subject looks out from her snowy millinery with all the proud watchfulness of an eagle in its den.



"THE ARTIST" is a self-portrait by an unknown but elegantly self-conscious man-about-the-town.



"BOY WITH DOG" (circa 1815) might better be titled "Butch," was painted by a journeyman artist shrewdly aware that small boys hate frilly clothes.



"DEPENDENCE H. FURBISH'S DASH TO MONTREAL"
was painted by Charles E. Beckett, an obscure but brilliant
landscapist of Portland, Me., to celebrate a feat that won
Portland a railway connection with Canada. To dramatize his

home town's availability as an Atlantic terminus for the Canadian railroad, Furbish drove a sleigh from Portland to Montreal in midwinter of 1845, covering 275 miles in 32 hours, beating regular Boston-Montreal horse express by 62 hours.





"VENICE," as imagined by an American school-girl about 1840, is as neatly patterned as a mosaic.

"DANCE ON A SEQUOIA STUMP" is a gay fantasy done circa 1875, must have stunned back-easters.



wishing for a flat picture can have a likeness without shade or shadow at one quarter price." Joseph Whiting Stock of Springfield, Mass. spent most of his 40 years in a wheelchair, but managed to turn out more than 900 portraits by the time he died in 1855.

Crude or polished, professional or amateur, the artists all seemed to share a devastating honesty. They took their subjects as they came; no matter how sharp the features or flinty the disposition, nothing was hidden. Nor were the children spared. The pouts, the whining expressions are all there to see, even the great, bulging foreheads—the ugly mark of rickets.

The Thrill. Louis C. Jones, director of Fenimore House, is doing his best to unravel the mysteries of who might be who in his now enriched gallery. But one of the most intriguing mysteries of all is Mrs. William Gunn herself.

Throughout her years of buying, she carefully kept her name from dealers, but some still recall some odd things about her. She insisted on paying cash, and instead of allowing herself to be seen with a purchase, preferred to send a servant around to pick it up a day or two later. Though the prices of such early paintings can now go up into the thousands, Mrs. Gunn had no interest in making a profit. She kept no record of her acquisitions, but instantly consigned them to the barn, where they were soon covered with filth—splattered, torn and fouled by bats and birds. What, then, was Mrs. Gunn after? "The thrill of the hunt," says Director Jones chivalrously. But a former neighbor has another theory: "She just wanted to keep anyone else from getting the paintings for themselves."

The Madonna & the Goddess

Until last week, the best-kept secret in the art auction world was: Who put up the record \$770,000 to buy Rubens' *Adoration of the Magi* through London Dealer Leonard Koetser (TIME, July 6)? The *Daily Express* offered \$1,500 for any clue, after nine months got the tip-off from one of Koetser's former employees: AT LAST THE BUYER IS UNMASKED! The buyer: wealthy ("I have a bit of property") Major A. E. Allnat, who headed up a patriotic syndicate to keep the Rubens in England and turn it over to the National Gallery. "Frankly," said the major when tracked down, "I do not like the picture. I wouldn't have it in my house. In any case, it's too big."

In what had been billed as the major sale of old Dutch masters since World War II, London's Christie's gallery last week hoped to get a fortune for its client—especially since the lot included Rembrandt's "lost" *Juno*. But after an agonizing period of unenthusiastic bidding, the auctioneer finally declared: "Fifty thousand guineas [\$147,000]. Himmelheil." Himmelheil was only a name—a face-saving fiction for Rembrandt's battered and fading goddess, whom no one wanted enough to put up the 100,000 guineas the sellers had hoped for. "If you won't pay," they had said in effect, "we won't play."

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A composer—a singer—a lyricist . . . three unique and extraordinary talents, linked arm in arm and headed in the same direction. Of such collaborations come smash Broadway masterpieces like "The Sound of Music" and "South Pacific." There is RICHARD RODGERS, creating melodies that dance in your memory. MARY MARTIN, effervescent, tingling, bringing to each song a part of her wonderful self. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II, touching with words the secret, silent corners of emotion. But, giving birth to a Broadway miracle takes more than just three kinds of genius. Hundreds of people are involved along with endless casting, changes, rehearsals, tryouts. And all of it, somehow culminating nervously, hysterically in the magic moments of opening night. It's this finely honed edge of perfection that you can enjoy in the original cast production of "The Sound of Music." It's the authentic sound of Broadway. And you can listen to and love this kind of inspired performance over and over again on the original Broadway-cast album by COLUMBIA RECORDS. 

THE PRESS

Keeping Posted with Jackie

Featured thrice weekly in the sports section of the New York *Post*, the column often has a most unathletic aroma. Indeed, the *Post*'s newest sports columnist plainly prefers discussing U.S. national affairs to writing about fun and games. On his favorite subject, civil rights, he is prepared to tilt at anyone, whether it be President Eisenhower (for supposedly standing aside from the battle) or Bing Crosby (for not taking a firm stand against segregated golf tournaments). In the race for the Democratic presidential



COLUMNIST ROBINSON
Chock full o' zeal.

nomination, the columnist supports and has gone stumping in Wisconsin for Hubert Humphrey ("One of the ablest and most liberal members of the upper House"); he is dead set against Jack Kennedy ("Fair-haired boy of the Southern-segregationists").

The *Post*'s Jack-of-many-interests is undeniably a man of parts: he is Jackie Robinson, at 41 greying and 15 lbs. over his best playing weight of 215, onetime (1939-40) star halfback at U.C.L.A., longtime (1947-56) first baseman, second baseman, third baseman and outfielder for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the Negro who first breached the major leagues' color barrier. Since he quit baseball, Robinson has been a vice president in charge of labor relations for Chock Full O'Nuts Corp., an eatery chain and coffee company with a high proportion of Negro employees. Doubling as a *Post* columnist, Jackie has been chock full o' zeal and sometimes chock full o' nonsense.

A man with understandably intense convictions on civil rights, Robinson last April approached a friend, Negro Playwright William Branch, with the idea of

writing a column for a Negro newspaper. Branch suggested that the civil-righteous *Post* might provide a better soapbox. *Post* Publisher Dorothy Schiff was delighted with the idea, agreed to pay Robinson \$150 a week (which Jackie splits with Branch, who writes the column after Robinson dictates the story line).

"This won't be a knock-knock-knock column," promised Robinson at the very outset—whereupon he started spraying his knocks to all fields. Sometimes he dismays even the *Post*, as when he declared that he might be compelled to support Republican Richard Nixon for President if the Democrats failed to nominate a staunch civil rights candidate. Says the *Post*'s Nixon-baiting Editor James Wechsler: "You can imagine our surprise when we saw that column." Now and then, to keep sports fans from starving, Robinson throws them a bare bone: "The National League picture this year again shows a race between Los Angeles, San Francisco and Milwaukee."

The *Post* seems satisfied enough with its bargain. Says Editor Wechsler: "There's a lot of reaction to the column pro and con, but the main thing is that there is reaction. The writing style may not be the greatest in history, but it's a lot livelier than David Lawrence."

Fading Star

Editor Don R. Mellett of the now defunct Canton, Ohio *News* was a newspaper of the *Front Page* stripe: a tough and incorruptible crusader, he uncovered an unholy alliance between racketeers and the Canton city government, was gunned down by his enemies in 1926 and became one of U.S. journalism's martyrs. Last week in Norman, Okla., at the thirty-first annual Don R. Mellett Memorial Lecture, Lee Hills, executive editor of the Knight newspaper chain, used the occasion to measure the gulf between the journalism of Mellett's time and today. Said Hills:

"For many years journalism in the big city newsrooms was based on the star system. When a big story broke—a jail break, a sensational murder, some hanky-panky at city hall—the city editor called for the star and plastered his colorful prose all over the front page. This was nice work. But the oldtime star needed no special knowledge in any field, little formal education, and often no real command of the language.

"We have gone far beyond that era. The star system is outmoded. Newspapers have a far greater responsibility than to expose crime, as they have done so brilliantly in the past.

"This time of specialists, of reporters schooled in political science, the mysteries of utility rate structures, philosophies of education, the physical sciences, high finance, health and medicine, aviation, and other areas where to be ignorant journalistically is to invoke the scorn of our better-informed readers. Never before have people so hankered for the fact,

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Fame Often Comes In Small Doses

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Fellow in our Kentucky county boasted he was the only man in the world who could crack a "hickernut" between his gums.

Some distillers I know ride to national prominence on such meager distinctions. And it has bemused me no little through my 65 active years to observe how some whiskies magnify these minor differences into major issues.

Permit me therefore, without resort to rhetoric, to describe the product of our modest country distillery.

Its name is OLD FITZGERALD. It is made on a century-old sour mash recipe which has been in our family possession for three generations.

It is hand-made, slow aged—then bottled at one proof only. It is now the only premium Kentucky Bourbon solely and exclusively Bottled in Bond.

There are many things our OLD FITZGERALD is not!

It is not the most lavishly advertised, as evidenced by this unpretentious column. It is not the least costly, nor the largest seller.

Selecting it as your special favorite will make you neither healthier, wealthier, nor wiser—nor advance to any noticeable degree your social status—nor distinguish you as a thinking man—nor necessarily speed your progress to occupancy of the "corner office."

However, if you are a man who recognizes a descriptive adjective only for what it is, but a bourbon solely by its flavor, I firmly believe you will discover in our OLD FITZGERALD a bourbon that really tastes the way you've always hoped a bourbon could.

We invite you to join an inner circle of discriminating hosts who have already made this discovery, and find it good business and good taste to share OLD FITZGERALD, in moderation, with associates and friends.

100 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Made in U. S. A.

spun out plainly and at length. We need to tell the story of our age in simple, living language with precise meanings. We will not only inform but we will educate a generation."

The Sun's Orbit

On any other paper the news would probably have rated Page One. But the Baltimore *Sun* is not any other paper: it is the Baltimore *Sun*. Consequently, the word was passed to *Sun* readers last week in a dignified "Announcement" on the editorial page: "After nine years as president of the A. S. Abell Company and 50 years of association with the *Sun*papers, Mr. William F. Schmick Sr. has offered his resignation to the board of directors and asked to be retired. Mr. William F. Schmick Jr., who has served as executive vice president since 1953, has been chosen to succeed his father as president." So saying, the *Sun* dropped the subject, confident that Baltimoreans, accustomed to the unhurried, 123-year continuum of their favorite newspaper, would accept the change in command without losing any sleep. Baltimoreans did.

The fact is that in Baltimore, Schmicks may come and Schmicks may go, but the *Sun* abides like the oysters in Chesapeake Bay. Residents set such store by the *Sun*papers that they accept the *Sun*'s word as though coming from above, follow its paternal advice in running the city, and generally vote just the way the *Sun* tells them to, or, like disobedient children, just the opposite way.

No Mingling. Beamed strictly at Baltimore, the morning *Sun* (circ. 198,204) and the evening *Sun* (circ. 216,261) nonetheless orbit the world: the *Sun*papers have one of the largest newspaper bureaus in Washington (ten men), keep staffers in London, Moscow, Rome and Bonn, and often, rather than rely on wire-service copy, send their own men after the big national news, wherever it breaks. The only time the morning *Sun* ever bought a syndicated political columnist, it killed his copy and thereby kept it out of town for years; the columnist was Drew Pearson, whom the *Sun* had fired in 1932. The evening *Sun*, established 50 years ago, is separated from the older morning *Sun* by an editorial rivalry so intense that the two staffs never collaborate on duty.

The *Sun* was founded in 1837 by an itinerant printer with the resounding name of Arunah Shepherdson Abell. Against entrenched competition—six daily, nine weekly and two monthly papers—Abell prospered by offering the only penny paper in the field, and by a stubborn insistence on telling the truth in an era when most newspapers were for hire.

No Soliciting. While Abell lived, no *Sun* reporter ever got a byline, no advertisement was ever solicited—merchants had to walk in with the copy and the cash. Abell was willing to catalogue municipal flaws ("Anybody in want of a dead pig can find one in Calvert Street"), but he largely ignored politicians as low types ranking somewhat beneath Baltimore's criminal element.



Richard Stacks—*Sun*papers, Baltimore
WILLIAM SCHMICK JR. & SR.
Baltimorean pride is parochial.

Abell dreamed of a time when Baltimore would be the nation's biggest seaport and the *Sun* the most famous paper in the U.S. Baltimore never made it, but long after Abell's death in 1888, it seemed for a while that the *Sun* might actually achieve his dream: in the halcyon days of Henry Louis Mencken and Frank R. Kent, for years the dean of U.S. political columnists, the name of the *Sun* was second to none.

But it was not to be, for Baltimore itself has natural limitations, and the *Sun*, above all else, is a paper of, by and for Baltimore. Consigned by geography to a pleasant pocket 35 miles north of Washington, the Baltimorean's pride is parochial. Living in tidy rows of wall-to-wall brick houses, he emerges with his neighbors to scrub identical marble steps until they gleam. To visitors he boasts of Johns Hopkins University, the Baltimore Colts, the Baltimore Orioles, the Baltimore hot crab sandwich, and the Baltimore *Sun*.

No Stopping. On this scene, the *Sun* sheds its reassuring light. Although its new steward, Bill Schmick, Jr., 46, will take full charge of both the business and editorial sides, he is not likely to revolutionize its glow. Self-described as "independent-Democrat," the *Sun* has in fact supported Republicans for President ever since 1940.

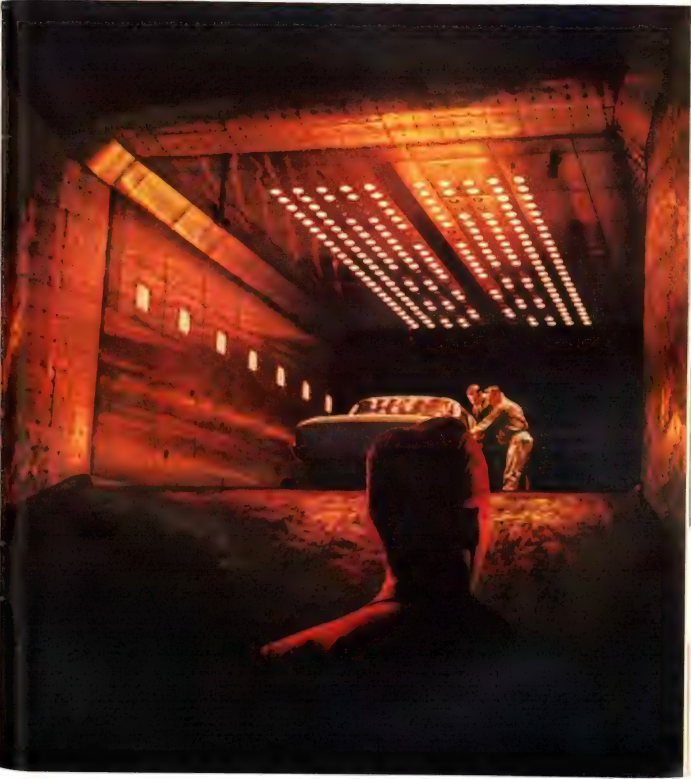
Local problems get much of the play on the *Sun* editorial page, as, for example, last week: "A burst of fine weather makes everyone think about picnics and boat trips and swimming ahead. It makes people who care for parks and roadsides think of litter and filth." Although the evening *Sun*'s circulation lags behind that of its opposition, Hearst's *News-Post* (230,442), the *Sun*papers stand far ahead in both prestige and profits. "Everything in Baltimore," says the *Sun*, "revolves around the *Sun*." It is likely to keep revolving for a long while.

SPECIAL REPORT

from United States Steel

A car is born

turn page for the story





"Soup bowl" turn is banked for very high speed performance checks. It terminates a 1½ mi. straightaway.



Taken at 45 m.p.h. "Wheelight Curve" is a lot more brutal than it looks.



One set of wheels go over ramp at high speed to check the steering response.



How they battered a car to make it better

Spike stops, grist mills, and the Laurel Mountain Drag

March 26, 1959 was cold and harsh in lower Michigan. Average temperature was 39°. The sky was like lead. The wind averaged 17.9 m.p.h., and there were traces of sleet. It was a miserable day. But the small group of men who straggled into the cavernous room knew it would be a momentous day.

Hanging on the wall was the official work order, an 8½ x 11 white form that didn't waste a single word. It was addressed to the Body Buildup Shop and it referred to car number 3375XK. The order asked for a complete, handmade steel version of an automobile that had been approved as a clay mockup one year earlier on April 14, 1958. During that time, the crew worked at fever pace to produce the prototype car from thirteen thousand handmade parts.

"Let's wreck it." The men milled around the compact white car in admiration. "It looks frisky," one of them said, as he inhaled the delightful new-car odor of paint solvent and rubber cement. Like millions of car buyers who would follow him, one of the engineers put his foot on the bumper and pushed down sharply—then watched with critical eyes as the car firmly returned to the level. Finally somebody said, "Okay, now let's wreck it," and they all laughed a little and began to leave.

Every component part of 3375XK had already received thousands of hours of testing: individually, on test stand mockups and in prototype chassis disguised as current model cars. But this was the first complete steel version of

the car that would become a proud entry in the compact car field. Now they would see if all 13,000 parts worked well . . . together.

Ride and roll. 3375XK was evaluated by chassis design engineers, power train engineers, engine engineers, and management. Then it was disguised and taken on a fast, four-day road performance trip through the Great Smoky Mountains to Atlanta, Georgia and back.

It was shuttled from building to building as its characteristics were determined, body stiffness was analyzed with torsion and beam tests. They spent days checking ride and roll rates and the suspension geometrics. But this was all just a preliminary to the toughest test of all: the actual road testing.

Relentless squealing. The proving ground is surrounded by a high brick and concrete wall; and many a passer-by wonders what on earth causes the relentless squealing sound that you can hear occasionally during the day. If your pass is in order, and you get past the careful guards, they may take you out to see the "grist mill." Here, on a large asphalt apron, a new car is being driven in the tightest possible circle in an attempt to fatigue the steel wheel and make it break. You can see swirls of black rubber shreds that were ground off the tortured tires.

5,000-mile Rough Road Test. They brought 3375XK to the proving ground in early May, 1959, and ordered that it be given the "5,000-mile Rough Road

Test." This is a standard test designed to batter just about any car into submission. 3375XK was gassed up at the precision metered fuel pumps, then driven out on the long, high speed test track.

No cowboys, thank you. The proving ground is swamped by applications from young men who are eager to become test drivers. They yearn for a chance to whip a car around the "soup bowl" with its steeply-banked turns, then skid it through a slippery gravel road and pound it to pieces over Belgian paving blocks and huge cobblestones. But "hot" drivers aren't welcome. They look for seasoned truck and bus drivers, men with a cool mind and a good eye who will put the car through its paces calmly and carefully.

Stay out of the pea patch. The 5,000-mile Rough Road Test is equivalent to 100,000 miles of ordinary driving. 3375XK went over the standard course—shooting down straightaways; over the Belgian blocks and cobblestones; around the "Wheelight Curve" that looks as though it is covered with a snarl of fire hoses, only they're made of concrete and, if you're not careful, they'll send you "right into the pea patch" as the test drivers say. Then there's the simulated chuck hole stretch and the crowned road test that check the car's ability to stay on a slanting road. On every circuit, 3375XK went over the railroad grade crossing, complete with actual rails. Round-the-clock crews drove the car over the course



Brand new engine testing. Dynamometer can simulate any kind of road trip, including hills and stoplights.



"San Francisco Hill Climb" they call this. It's 30", like Frisco's worst.



Around the clock, testing machine flexes leaf springs up and down to ultimate destruction.

5,000 miles in 17 days; and after the simulated 100,000 mile test was over, 3375XK went back to the lab where it was thoroughly dissected. As the engineers found ways to improve the various parts, they were redesigned and installed on the later prototype cars that were coming out of Body Buildup—now at a one-a-week clip.

Another 100,000. 3375XK was holding up fine, so they decided to give her another equivalent 100,000 miles of testing—this time on an even larger test facility where it takes 40,000 miles to simulate 100,000 normal miles. So 3375XK went through it again and finally, after the equivalent of 200,000 miles of normal driving, it was retired to the labs for good—where they proceeded to cut it to pieces to find out how every tiny part had performed. 3375XK was done in.

Behind the scenes. But with the old prototype's demise, a new car was born. As the production models slowly emerged, engineers worked furiously to further test every component part, to make sure that it would hold up. "Hurricane Road" (see cover) worked 24 hours a day at temperatures from 0 to plus 150, generating up to 140 m.p.h. gales, to check performance under all weather conditions. Test models were run dizzy in 110° desert heat to check carburetors, distributors and breathing characteristics of the engine.

The huge Chassis Dynamometer worked overtime, running the car under every possible kind of load condition while engineers constantly analyzed its power output, fuel consumption, and general performance. Silent computers ran engines and transmissions 24 hours a day while they were baked with infrared lamps to simulate overheating. Near the edge of a huge room an awesome contraption yanked the car door open, then slammed it shut, over and over again. Brake engineers applied the brutal Spike Stop Test, socking the brake pedal to the floor for thousands of panic stops. Other brake crews worked near Pennsylvania's most famous ski slopes doing the Laurel Mountain Drag Test, where heavily loaded cars were slowly

braked to a downhill stop, over and over again, to check brake heating and fading. And to top it off, more fleets of test cars set out to be driven over literally every kind of road you can find in these United States.

A brand new package was on its way to the American public.

Who killed 3375XK? No one, really. Our beaten, bent, ultimately dissected prototype was actually battered to make it better. It was a giant step in the creation of one of America's proud, new compact cars. The only mystery is: which one? 3375XK was a real live prototype. It could be a Ford Falcon. It could be GM's Corvair. It could be Chrysler's Valiant. It could be American's Rambler. It could be Studebaker's Lark. The point is, all U.S. carmakers test every new model every way conceivable—and then some—long before they arrive in the showroom. Actually the 3375XK is the Ford Falcon.

Why does a steel company find all this so important? Because intensive testing leads to one thing: selection of the right steels to do the right jobs. There are hundreds of different kinds of steel in every 1960 car: special deep-drawing steels for sweeping body panels, rich alloy gear steels, super pure alloy bearing steels, high-strength steels for highly stressed parts, tough alloys for springs, stainless steels for decorative trim and working parts that must withstand corrosion and abuse. Even the bumpers are made of a special steel.

United States Steel supplies millions of tons of these tailor-made steels to the automobile industry every year, and we like what the carmakers do with them: every new 1960 model owes its style and stamina to steel's versatility. Not only that, they're making them with the conveniences that Americans want, at prices Americans can afford. Go look at those wonderful new cars today!



In the deepfreeze at -60°F to check defroster and heater system characteristics.



Test car is operated at various loads and speeds in Chassis Dynamometer Room.



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MILESTONES

Married. Vul Brynner, 39, shaved-pate, Vladivostok-born Hollywood star; and Doris Kleiner, 32, Yugoslavian-born brunette, now a Paris fashionhouse director; he for the second time, she for the first; in Mexico City, five days after his divorce from First Wife Virginia Gilmore.

Married. Pat Suzuki, 29, the little (4 ft. 11 in.) Nisei girl with the big voice, who for 16 months has been belting out *I Enjoy Being a Girl* in Broadway's *Flower Drum Song*; and Mark Shaw, 38, fashion photographer; she for the first time, he for the second; in Baltimore.

Divorced. By Corrine Calvet, 34, busty, French-born cinemactress; Jeffrey Stone, 34, TV actor; after five years of marriage (during which, she testified, "I was an emotional mess"), one child; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorce Revealed. John Daly, 46, TV newsmen and *What's My Line?* moderator; and Margaret Neal Daly, 47; after 23 years of marriage, three children; via an Alabama quickie last February.

Died. Edwin King Daly, 63, president since 1936 of Horn & Hardart Co.'s Automat restaurants, active Catholic layman who was made a Knight of Malta and Knight Commander of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem by Pope Pius XII; of a heart attack; in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Died. King Norodom Suramarit, 64, pro-Western monarch of Cambodia, who barely escaped assassination last fall, is survived by his son, Prime Minister Prince Norodom Sihanouk; after a long illness; in Phnompenh.

Died. Tuanku (i.e., ruler) Abdul Rahman, 65, English-trained lawyer and Malayan state chief who, when Malaya became an independent federation within the British Commonwealth in 1957, was elected to a five-year term as the nation's first nonhereditary king (at the same time that Tengku [prince] Abdul Rahman, no kin, became the federation's Prime Minister); in his sleep; in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.

Died. Russell Vernon Mack, 68, Republican Representative from Washington's Third District since 1947, onetime owner and publisher of the *Hoquiam Washingtonian*; of a coronary occlusion; on the floor of the House.

Died. Ivan Karaivanov, 71, Bulgarian-born, Moscow-trained international Communist agent who organized Iraq's Reds during World War II, sided with Yugoslavia during the Tito-Stalin rift, became a close Tito crony, a member of the Central Committee of the Yugoslav Communist Party; of kidney and heart ailments; in Belgrade.

Celanese
CREATING VALUES
WITH CHEMISTRY



PHOTO COURTESY GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORP.

CELANESE FIRE-RESISTANT "CELLULUBES" HELP U.S. FLEET SAIL SAFELY



Celanese "Cellulubes" being loaded aboard
aircraft carrier

POINT MOLATE, CALIFORNIA: Celanese is currently filling, in record time, the largest contract for fire-resistant functional fluids ever placed by the U. S. Navy.

These synthetic fluids protect equipment and personnel throughout the fleet by guarding against fire and explosion in mechanical installations.

As hydraulic fluids, "Cellulubes" provide power for deck-edge elevators, jet-blast deflectors, steering mechanisms and rocket launchers. As lubricants, now in use on Polaris missile submarines, they fight "carbon build-up," chief cause of fire and explosion in air compressors and other gas reducing equipment.

Fire-resistant "Cellulubes" are part of a growing group of Celanese products developed to combat the hazards of high temperatures in industrial and consumer goods production. Other products include flame-resistant plasticizers and additives, and high-temperature lubricants for military and commercial jet engines. For more information, write Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16.

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The mix for peace:

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TODAY the Strategic Air Command has the Atlas ICBM and the B-52 bomber. Tomorrow, in the day of the second generation ICBMs, we will need an even more advanced airplane with global striking power. The multi-purpose B-70 Valkyrie is being developed to meet this need ... to provide America with a true balance of manned and unmanned weapons. This 2000 mph manned bomber, with its advanced equipment and multiplicity of weapons, could take off from U.S. bases and strike almost any trouble spot in the world within three hours.

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And most significantly, only a manned weapon system can be put into instant action yet still be recalled before the final commitment to strike.

This is why the Mach 3 B-70 is being developed—to assure America of a secure retaliatory force in the future. And with this force rests our hope for a durable peace. For this is the only way the Free World can truly win: not by waging a third world war—but by preventing it.

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building products with
America's broadest line...

and we're expanding
fast in the
cement business, too!



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products and other non-metallic minerals—gypsum, lime, asbestos, clay and gravel. Tomorrow's opportunities will find Flintkote ready... thanks to aggressive research and forward looking market and product development. The Flintkote Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Domestic members of the Flintkote family: Kosmos*, Glens Falls and Calaveras Portland Cement, Building Materials, Flooring and Adhesives, Van Packer* Chimneys, Orangeburg* Pipe, Insulrock* Building Slabs, U.S. Lime and Utah Lime Products, Industrial Products, Pioneer Flintkote, Blue Diamond and Flintrock* Gypsum, Hankins* Containers.



BUILDING TODAY FOR THE MARKETS OF TOMORROW

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

On the Road

No indicator is watched more closely by U.S. businessmen at this time of year than the sales figures of the automobile industry. What they are looking for is a sign of spring kicking up its heels. Last week dealer showrooms were full of prospects with the open-road look in their eye and money in their pockets. Preliminary first-quarter sales for Chevrolet showed that sales were clipping along at a record pace that would topple the March 1955 high (155,475) and the 1956 first-quarter record (146,204). Ford sales jumped from 4,000 cars sold a day at the beginning of March to 5,200 sold daily at month's end. Said a Ford official: "It looks as if a lot of sales momentum is building up." If the surge continues, automakers are confident that the upswing will move out many of the 1,000,000 cars now in showrooms. They plan to turn out 1,700,000 cars in the second quarter, 2,000,000 in the first three months. With General Motors, American Motors, and Ford all ringing up record outputs, first-quarter production was 23% higher than the same period in 1959. Some other economic indicators were not as cheery:

❑ Manufacturers' new orders in February showed a 3% pickup to \$30.5 billion. But they still lagged behind sales of \$31.6 billion, up \$500 million from January.

❑ Manufacturers' inventories rose \$600 million to \$53.9 billion.

❑ Construction orders jumped 5% to \$3.7 billion, but were less than the 8% increase normally expected in March.

The Treasury's Test

The U.S. Treasury last week took a bold step to raise cash. For the first time in more than a year it offered a new long-term bond, a 25-year issue with 4½% interest, the legal maximum imposed by

Congress. The long maturity date took Wall Street by surprise, since experts had expected an eight- to ten-year issue.

The Treasury will sell up to \$1.5 billion, if possible, of the 25-year bonds, but privately will consider the issue a success if it sells only \$500 million worth. With the new bonds, the Treasury will also issue \$2 billion in 4½% notes, thus take care of its major cash needs until mid-May. The Treasury thinks that the long-term bonds should sell well, since the yield on Government bonds last week was under 4½%. But if the bonds do sell well, it will just about end the Treasury's hopes of getting Congress to eliminate the 4½% ceiling this session.

MODERN LIVING

Watch Your Step

Like a chaperone at a high school prom, the Federal Trade Commission tapped Dancer Arthur Murray and his wife Kathryn on the shoulder last week, told them that some of their last steps were out of line. The FTC objected particularly to the "misleading and deceptive" quizzes that it said the Murrays used to help build their \$45 million-a-year business.

One often-used Murray promotion gimmick, said FTC, was to call people on the phone, give them a simple "quiz" such as: "Name two Presidents of the U.S. besides Eisenhower who were once generals." For the correct answer, the Arthur Murray studios handed out "\$25 in free lessons." But all too often, said FTC, the lucky winner found that he had to buy a complete course to collect his prize. FTC also rapped the "Lucky Buck" contest ("Check your dollar bills. If any of the serial numbers contains a 5 and a 0 you've got a winner"), and objected to high-pressure sales talks which it said "coerce" prospects into signing up for dance courses.

Besides FTC, a grand jury in St. Louis



KATHRYN & ARTHUR MURRAY
Then the FTC cut in.

was also investigating Murray selling practices, turned up an instructive lesson in how much a "free course in dancing" can eventually cost. Mrs. Emma Frisch, a 60-year-old widow and part-time employee in a hat factory, testified that last year an Arthur Murray studio called her and told her she had won a free dance analysis. At the studio, she got a quick sales pitch, signed up for a five-hour introductory course.

After that it was just one great bewildering whirl of salesmanship. She withdrew \$7,300 of her savings to buy a lifetime course, put two mortgages on her home to buy the \$9,000 gold medal course and then the \$12,000 lifetime executive course. By mid-July she had paid out over \$25,000, had a nervous breakdown from worry over paying the rest. What sales technique had been used on Mrs. Frisch? Just sheer flattery. Admitted her instructor: "She idolized flattery."

In the past, when similar complaints have popped up, Arthur Murray has neatly danced aside, pointing to a clause in his licensing agreements which makes each of the 450 studios a separate entity for legal liability purposes. But this time the FTC contends that the same deceptive selling pattern is found throughout Murray's organization, holds him responsible.

In his Manhattan office, nibbling Muenster cheese to allay an ulcer's pang, 65-year-old Arthur Murray said that he does not think, at present, he will fight the FTC complaint. Said he: "People think the FTC is on their side, and we wouldn't want to turn the people against us." Anyway, he said, taking one step back, he has ordered most of the practices stopped. They are no longer profitable.

TIME CLOCK

CORPORATE TAX DIP threatens to kill hopes for balanced budget for current fiscal year ending June 30. Collections from industry are running \$500 million below estimates.

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT is now studying talks between onetime New Dealer-Wheeler Thomas G. ("Tommy the Cork") Corcoran and three members of Federal Power Commission in a case involving Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. (TIME, April 4). Between 1954 and 1958, he collected \$305,907 for legal services and expenses from the company.

NEW YORK-MOSCOW FLIGHTS by Pan American and Russia's state-run Aeroflot stand a good chance of approval in the near future. Reds have apparently been waiting until

they had enough TU-114 turboprop transports for a regular schedule.

CUT-RATE RUSSIAN OIL will be imported by a Japanese company at prices about \$1.50 per ton below Middle East crude-oil.

MEN'S CLOTHING PRICES will rise as much as \$4 at retail next fall as a result of a 21½% hourly wage rise won by 125,000 Amalgamated Clothing Workers in 25 states.

PAY-TV TEST, first major one in U.S. to be broadcast instead of transmitted over a closed circuit, will be started in Hartford, Conn. on station WHCT, if FCC approves. Operators: Zenith Radio Corp. and the broadcasting subsidiary of General Tire & Rubber Co.

TOBACCO

The Controversial Princess

(See Cover)

Puffing cigarettes, cigars and pipes until the smoke taxed the air conditioning at Miami Beach's plush hotel Fontainebleau, the men who know tobacco best gathered this week to pay homage to the persistence of one of the world's most widespread habits. More than 11,000 strong, the delegates to the annual convention of the National Association of Tobacco Distributors—which sells 75% of all U.S. tobacco products—peered at exhibits that traced tobacco from field to lip, critically taste-tested piles of free cigarettes, jostled happily through luncheons, dinners, parties. But the greatest pleasure of all

followed by American Tobacco's Lucky Strike, Liggett & Myers' Chesterfield, American's Pall Mall, and Philip Morris), held 83% of the cigarette market; today that share is held by ten brands, many of them born since then. Filters have swelled from 1% of the market in 1952 to 50% today, and menthol cigarettes have gone from 3% to 10%. Nor is the race to novelty over. This week Brown & Williamson began test-marketing a new filtered cigarette called Kentucky Kings. Kings' novel selling point: even the filter is made of tobacco.

New Wooing Trend? The U.S. tobacco industry, sensing a new shift in the public taste, is undergoing yet another upheaval. Most tobacco men feel that filters—which were once expected to gobble up 75% of

Pushing Pleasure. No one could be more pleased by this switch than a freckle-faced, sandy-haired North Carolinian named Bowman Gray, chairman of Winston-Salem's R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., the nation's No. 1 tobacco company. Reynolds and Bowman Gray, 53, have been stressing taste all along because, says Gray, "people smoke for fun and the simple pleasure of it." Except for occasional flirtations with throat therapy, e.g., in its T-zone ads of the 1940s, the company has largely steered away from the health issue. When the cancer controversy started, it was Bowman Gray, then Reynolds' advertising chief, who concluded that the wisest course was to stick with the theme of taste instead of test tubes, to push flavor before filtration. Gray knows well that it is the tar and nicotine that add to a cigarette's flavor, and that when they are reduced, smoking pleasure is also reduced. Therefore, Reynolds' cigarettes have always ranked high in tar and nicotine—and flavor.

Pushing smoking pleasure has proved a bonanza for Reynolds. In 1958, for the first time in 18 years, it edged ahead of front-running American Tobacco, last year increased its lead to pile up record sales of \$1.3 billion and profits of \$90.4 million. Its regular-sized Camels are the No. 1 U.S. cigarette (since 1949). Its Winstons are the biggest-selling filter tip (since 1955) and the third most popular U.S. cigarette, its filtered Salems the top U.S. menthol. Reynolds also makes Prince Albert, the leading U.S. pipe tobacco, and Days Work, the top chewing tobacco. Its profit margin is 12.5% higher than any other in the industry, and its stock, selling last week at 62½, is considered the bluest of the blue-chip tobacco stocks.

Golden Tongue. To pick its mixtures, Reynolds relies on a tasting panel of 250 employees (from top executives to stenographers) who regularly test its new products. But Gray—who began smoking when he was nine—is the man with the golden tongue, gives the final O.K. Says he: "I do believe that if a cigarette appeals to me—I'm a pretty average fellow—it might appeal to the population." This week Gray, who smokes as many as four packs of Winstons a day (with an occasional Salem), was also puffing away at cigarettes from chalky white, unmarked testing packs. Through his mouth and into his windpipe he rolled the smoke with all the sober concentration of a winetaster. In the blank packs were cigarettes being tested as possible additions to half a dozen new brands that Reynolds already has on hand to put on the market when the time is ripe.

Though the company now has 30% of the cigarette market, Gray wants more. Reynolds is building a 14-acre, \$30 million plant that will increase its capacity 30% next year. Last week Reynolds announced that it is moving into Europe, buying a 51% interest in West Germany's second largest cigarette firm of Haus Neuberger. Does the cancer talk give Gray pause? Says he: "I just don't believe it.



BOWMAN GRAY IN REYNOLDS' RESEARCH LABORATORY
Reach for taste instead of a test tube.

Frank Jones

was just talking shop. Never had shop-talk been so cheery, for never had shop-talk been so good.

U.S. smokers are puffing cigarettes at a record rate. The nation now has 58 million smokers—58% of all men and 36% of all women over 15. Every second of every day, they buy some 15,000 cigarettes. Last year Americans spent \$7 billion on tobacco, more than Canada's national budget, consumed a record 462.7 billion cigarettes, up 4.5% from record 1958. To supply them, the U.S. annually grows 1.8 billion lbs. of tobacco on 500,000 farms, makes it into cigars and cigarettes in 625 factories.

What these figures show is that the U.S. tobacco industry, which has undergone crisis after crisis, has not only recovered nicely from the cancer scare, but is turning the unsettling side effects of the debate to its own advantage. By flooding the market with filters that promised protection from tar and nicotine, tobacco men turned the whole market topsy-turvy. In 1952 five brands, led by Reynolds Tobacco's Camel (and

the market—have about reached their peak. Everyone who was going to be scared by the cancer talk has already been scared, they say. Have filters about worn out their basic sales appeal?

One clue is front-running, unfiltered Camels. Their sales fell steadily for six years; then last year, Camel sales turned around, rose 3%. Another clue is the decision of some manufacturers to loosen or lighten their filters to let more taste through. Last week Liggett & Myers announced that it is redesigning its new filtered Duke because "most people don't like that heavy a filter." These changes come at a time when the Federal Trade Commission has just persuaded the industry to give up voluntarily all health-protection claims for cigarettes, recently their loudest selling pitch. One reason for the industry's willingness: it was beginning to think that it had already got as much mileage as possible out of filter claims. From now on, it is going back to wooing its customers with the old-fashioned lures of flavor, aroma and satisfaction.



LIGGETT & MYERS BID FOR WOMEN (1926)
Oral?

People are hearing the same old story, and the record is getting scratched, the needle stuck."

Pattern of Hell. Many respected medical authorities flatly disagree with Bowman Gray. But then, the war against tobacco is as old as civilized man's first puff. What has changed is that the attacks that were once emotional and moral are now scientific. Ever since Columbus found the Caribbean Indians smoking "tobago" (their name for the primitive pipe in which they smoked tobacco) and smoking was introduced into Europe, the friends and foes of tobacco have been tearing at one another's T-zones.

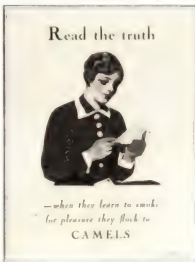
Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake and the Frenchman Jean Nicot (after whom nicotine is named) all helped to popularize smoking, considered it good for the health. In 1614 a Scottish doctor named William Barclay wrote that tobacco "prepares the stomach for the acceptance of meat, makes the voice clear and the breath sweet," pushed it as an antidote for "hypochondric melancholy" and such diseases as arthritis and epilepsy. The delicate, wide-leaved tobacco plant (*Nicotiana tabacum*) became known as "the divine herb" and "the princess of plants."

But the foes of tobacco spied the devil's hoofs beneath the princess' skirt. King James I of Great Britain called tobacco "the lively image and pattern of hell," slapped on a big import tax. Louis XIII of France and Czar Michael I decreed penalties for smoking, ranging from death to castration, and Pope Urban VIII threatened excommunication for anyone found smoking in church or on church premises. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, Dr. Benjamin Rush, attacked tobacco on grounds of health—one of a host of doctors who through the years have attributed to the plant 300 diseases ranging from impotence to bad eyesight. Long before cancer became a cry, cigarettes were known as "coffin nails." Henry Ford and Thomas Edison vowed that they would not knowingly hire anyone who smoked. In 1918 Evangelist Billy Sunday cried triumphantly: "Prohibition is now; now for tobacco!"

In earlier days, the feeling against smoking by women was so strong that

when *Carmen* came to Kansas before World War I, it was presented against a backdrop showing a dairy instead of a cigarette factory—and *Carmen* herself walked onstage carrying a milk pail. Not until after Bryn Mawr lifted its smoking ban in 1925 and Chesterfield began luring women smokers (with ads showing a gentleman lighting up, and a woman coaxing, "Blow some my way") did many women dare to smoke even in their own homes.

Back to the Breast. Just why do people smoke? Almost everyone has a theory. Only fortnight ago Dr. J. Harold Burn of Oxford suggested that the lift usually associated with smoking may be caused by an adrenalin-related hormone called norepinephrine—the same hormone that raises the hair on the tail of a scared cat. But most scientists agree that smoking becomes a habit because of emotional compulsions rather than any physical need. People smoke, they say, to convince themselves that they are mature and sophisticated, to avoid or lessen tensions, to aid social poise, or just to have something to do with their hands. Young people smoke cigarettes to appear older, older people to appear younger.



REYNOLDS' THOUGHT APPEAL (1928)
Spiritual?

To keep a slender figure
No one can deny...



AMERICAN DIET APPEAL (1929)
Physical?

Psychiatrists stress that one of the biggest elements in smoking is oral gratification, an unconscious return to the breast. But even cigar-smoking Sigmund Freud was not above poking a little fun at that notion; he once held up his long black cigar before a class and said: "Just remember, it is not always a symbol—sometimes it's just a cigar."

Small-Town Touch. By stimulating, anticipating and satisfying the public taste, R. J. Reynolds has built itself into the biggest and, according to Wall Street, the best-managed company in the U.S. tobacco industry. But it has never lost its old-fashioned, small-town touch. It resisted the glamour of setting up offices in New York City, as most other cigarette companies did, stayed on in provincial Winston-Salem (pop. 118,000), where it employs one in every five workers, is the city's biggest booster and a major contributor to civic drives. From the company's red brick factories and its 22-story limestone office building, the tallest in North Carolina, the quick and pungent smell of tobacco drifts pleasantly over the city.

From the Negro stemmers to Chairman Gray, most of the company's 14,000 employees are local folk. Like Gray, whose father and uncle were both Reynolds chairmen, many are the second or third generation to work for Reynolds. Twelve of the 15 directors are company officers who meet weekly at an informal luncheon, can be rounded up in ten minutes at any other time if anything important comes up. Reynolds' factory workers (35% of them Negro) are so loyal to the firm that they have kept Reynolds the only major nonunion firm in the industry, even though it pays no higher than other companies. Reynolds paternalistically rewards its employees with generous fringe benefits, including a pension plan, notably few firings, and the fulltime service of a Methodist minister, the Rev. Clifford Peace.



BUCK DUKE
He got a bellyache . . .

who listens to their troubles on company time.

Reynolds' Gray is proudest of a much-abused, often misused concept known as teamwork. He freely delegates authority ("Confidence is important"), but makes certain that everyone knows precisely what is expected of him. He runs the company through seven top committees, headed by directors responsible for every function from buying tobacco leaf to setting up drugstore displays. Unhappy about the way one department was running, Gray last year walked up to its head, said softly that something had to be done, concluded: "I'll see you in six months." Exactly six months later, Gray checked up. The matter had been straightened out.

A former salesman himself, Gray takes particular pride in the sales force, has made it the industry's biggest (reported by Reynolds at 1,200 men, but estimated by the industry at up to 2,000) and most respected. Gray's taste in salesmen runs to those with a calculatingly homey countenance manner, men known at every crossroads store from New Mexico to Alaska for their friendliness, their willingness to set up displays and help the retailer in any task, their speed in filling cigarette orders. Result: the retailer often gives them a helping hand in turn, awards them choice display space. As one who knows the value of a quick flash report from the field on a new competitive situation, Gray answers his own phone, has long had standing orders that any salesman can call him directly at any time.

"Emma, Brenda, Belle." Gray sometimes tours the retailers himself (often in one of the company's three private planes), but most of his time is spent in Winston-Salem. There, he is out of bed daily at 6 a.m. sharp in the first-floor bedroom of his modified Georgian home on his 800-acre Brookberry Farm, where he

lives with his wife and family (five sons, ranging from 9 to 23). He eats breakfast alone at 7:20 because "I made a deal with my wife when we were first married. I'm not in the best humor at breakfast, and we wanted to stay married."

For years, he usually prowled the farm before breakfast. But he gave up the custom when a disorder of his leg muscles forced him to walk with a cane. Now he usually does some paperwork in the library before being chauffeured to work in his 1958 grey Oldsmobile station wagon. The watchful eyes of his father and uncle stare down at him from the walls of his 10th-floor office.

Home again by 5, Gray has a single martini before dinner, poured from a full bottle of martinis that he makes up for the week. He usually gets into bed about 9 to read or watch TV (particularly shows with tobacco sponsors) until lights out at 10:30. Gray has few cultural interests (his favorite relaxation: doing jigsaw puzzles), seldom attends church (he is a Methodist), sees perhaps one movie a year. His chief outside-work interest is the farm, where he likes to wander on weekends, carrying a notebook with the vital statistics of his 415 Guernseys and calling them by name—"Emma, Brenda, Belle, Charming." Gray is a millionaire; besides his \$160,000 annual salary, he has his father's bequest of 55,000 shares of Reynolds stock (then worth about \$1,000,000), now owns a total of 90,000 shares, worth \$5,600,000.

Long Tradition. Bowman Gray is the product of a long and inbred family tradition at Reynolds—though his family is no direct relation to the Reynolds clan.



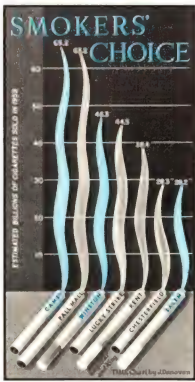
R. J. REYNOLDS
. . . by swallowing him.

The company got its start in 1874, when a brash youth named Richard Joshua Reynolds, wearing a tobacco-stained mustache that belied his 21 years, took his profits from a family tobacco business, set up his own business at Winston to sell chewing tobacco among the back-country folk. He did so well that by 1888 he was worth more than a quarter million dollars.

But he, like everyone else, soon ran into the formidable ambitions of James B. ("Buck") Duke, a North Carolina tobaccoman who had set up many factories, manufactured the first successful U.S. machine-made cigarettes. Duke pressured the other major tobacco manufacturers to join him in the American Tobacco Co., which became known as "the Tobacco Trust." "I don't intend to be swallowed by Duke," said Reynolds. "If he does, he'll have a bellyache the rest of his life." But Duke did swallow Reynolds by undercutting its plug prices—and Duke soon had his bellyache.

When the Government trustbusters split American Tobacco into 16 parts in 1911, forming most of today's major tobacco companies, Reynolds was on its own again. Crowded Dick Reynolds: "Now watch me. See if I don't give Buck Duke hell."

Doubtful Dromedary. Though cigarettes were still considered effeminate and had less than 10% of the market, Reynolds decided to bring out Camels in 1913 in a package decorated with a very sick-looking animal. Recalls former Director R. C. Haberkern: "He was atrocious. He had pointed ears, his head was bad, his feet looked like sweet potatoes." The problem was not solved until the Barnum & Bailey circus came to Winston-Salem, and the Camel people got a look at their first dromedary. Old Joe. Old Joe was promptly photographed, drawn for the package. (When Reynolds tried to change the package slightly in 1958, it got so



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smoothing overlay. It's the one pavement with beam strength that enables engineers to compute loads mathematically, design airport runways for an expected life of 50 years and longer!

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READ



NATIONAL
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many complaints that it had to switch back to the old one.)

Camels, with their stronger blend, revolutionized the cigarette market before Dick Reynolds died in 1918. Camel sales jumped from \$10 million in 1913 to \$188 million in 1918, and the company took over from American as the industry's leader. During World War I, Reynolds made sure that soldiers in the trenches had plenty of Camels, reaped its reward when they came back home with a warm spot for the brand. American countered with its new Lucky Strike—and the battle lines between the two tobacco giants were drawn.

"Fun to Be Fooled," American's George Washington Hill, the brassiest tobacco of all time, dreamed up the slogan "It's toasted" for Lucky Strike—even though all tobacco went through the same toasting process. Reynolds struck back with "I'd walk a mile for a Camel," scoffed at Luckies' "toasted" claim with ads showing a magician sawing a girl in half and captioned, "It's fun to be fooled; it's more fun to know." George Washington Hill, the prototype of the dictatorial sponsor in *The Hucksters*, was not a man to be outshouted; he pushed into the industry lead once more in the early 1930s with such ads as "Reach for a Lucky instead of a Sweet," "Nature in the Raw Is Seldom Mild," and "20,679 physicians say Luckies are less irritating." The FTC finally forced him to tone down some of his health claims.

The man who waged much of the battle against American was Bowman Gray's father, a hard-working, up-from-the-ranks salesman who became Reynolds' sales manager, moved on in 1924 to president. Young "Red" Gray worshiped his father and followed in his steps. In 1918, at the age of eleven, he went to work as a leaf trimmer for Reynolds during summer vacations. (Another Reynolds employee, though less interested in it as a career; Bowman's younger brother, Gordon Gray, onetime Assistant Defense Secretary, former president of the University of North Carolina and now national security adviser to President Eisenhower.) At Woodberry Forest School in Virginia, Bo Gray persuaded fellow students to smoke Prince Albert after he discovered that cigarettes were forbidden. After graduating from Chapel Hill ('29) he went to work as a Reynolds salesman.

Though Gray's family connections did not hurt him, he got no soft treatment, and asked for none. He lived out of a suitcase for six years while selling Reynolds products in the East and Midwest, then was assigned to sell Camels to the Navy, where Reynolds had less than 6% of the business. He stayed at it for two years, worked so hard that Reynolds had 25% to 30% of the Navy market when he left. In 1936 he met Elizabeth Palmer Christian, a Virginia banker's daughter, at a friend's wedding, quickly decided to marry her. Three years later he became Reynolds' assistant sales manager. After a hitch as a Navy lieutenant commander in the war (he was landlocked in Intelli-

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gence). Gray was moved onto Reynolds' board in 1947, became a vice president in 1949, moved up to president in 1957 and to chairman last September.

Quiet Assassination. War's end found cigarette sales stronger than ever, but the dominance of the plain old regular-size cigarette was soon to end. First came the king-size cigarette. American's Pall Mall got there first, and did well. Reynolds decided to try a king with mild tobacco, brought out Cavalier. Cavalier flopped, still accounts for less than 1% of the market, may eventually be dropped. Says Gray: "We goofed." The reason: top management thought it sniffed a shift to blandness in public taste in everything from music to food, brought out Cava-

puff from Winston's slogan—"Winstons taste good like a cigarette should"—which had been dreamed up in an advertising session with Gray. Questioning the use of "like." Critic Clifton Fadiman assailed the "quiet assassination of the conjunction 'as.'" and Editor Bruce Bliven cried: "I find that I sit in front of my television set shouting at the tiny figures on it: 'No, no, you dope. Like is a preposition. The conjunction is *as, as, as!*'" Reynolds was delighted by the furor, like any cigarette maker might be.

Adamant Denial. The recent proliferation of new brands and the flightiness of consumer loyalties have played havoc with the old-line cigarette market. Camels are 37% below 1952, Luckies are down 39%.

and the public health services of Britain and The Netherlands) who now believe that the link between smoking and cancer is definite. Last week the World Health Organization identified cigarettes as a major cause of lung cancer. Many smokers themselves are convinced of the link; in a worldwide poll, 33% of them said they thought smoking was one cause of cancer—though they kept right on smoking. Their attitude was summed up by Comedian Joe E. Lewis, who said that he became so nervous from reading stories about cigarettes and health that he decided to give up reading.

Have filters helped? Dr. Wynder thinks they have, fears that the FTC's decision to end the filter race was a mistake that "may have discouraged the industry's efforts toward improving their cigarettes," set back the increased protection the smoker has received since 1952. He thinks that far safer cigarettes can be developed.

Actually, filters—with their psychological assurance to smokers—have helped the tobacco industry in other ways too. They cost less than the tobacco they displace, sell for more, allow the use of stronger, cheaper tobacco in cigarettes. Most companies also use reconstituted or homogenized tobacco (formerly unusable stems and leaves that are pulverized and repressed), which was pioneered by Reynolds and copied by the industry. The average filter cigarette now contains about 14% reconstituted tobacco. Many tobacco men feel that filters, because they have less flavor and often burn faster, actually make people smoke more.

All the Same? Despite all the claims and counterclaims, says W. P. Hedrick, tobacco marketing specialist for the North Carolina Department of Agriculture, "all the companies buy the same tobacco. They may have slightly different formulas, but essentially all cigarettes are the same." What makes the difference is flavor—each company has its secret recipe—and heavy advertising. The tobacco industry is the nation's fourth biggest advertiser (after food, autos, soap), spends more than \$200 million a year. Reynolds has the biggest budget (more than \$50 million), gets more benefit from it by concentrating only on its three top brands. Tobaccomen have been notably successful in driving home their slogans, from "Ask Dad, He Knows" (for Sweet Caporal) and "Be Nonchalant—Light a Murad" to Old Gold's "Not a Cough in a Carload" and Chesterfield's "They Satisfy."

The current trend in advertising is to link smoking to virility. Though Camels have long been considered a he-man's smoke,* it was Philip Morris' Marlboro (whose pitch was "Mild As May" back in the '20s when it was being pushed as a woman's cigarette) that made the plug explicit with its rough, tough and tat-



THE GRAYS AT NORTH CAROLINA HOME*
Tobacco runs in the family.

Woodrow Wilson

lier to play to this trend over the opposition of Reynolds' sensitive-tongued tasting panel.

When the cancer controversy began, the industry thought disaster was at hand. Instead, the few filters already on the market (e.g., Brown & Williamson's Viceroy and Benson & Hedges' Parliament) began to get hot. Reynolds was ready with its own filter, developed under a team consisting of Chairman John C. Whitaker, President Ed Darr and new Sales Chief Bowman Gray. The man who had seen filters coming was Darr, who was impressed by their popularity in Switzerland during a vacation. But the man who decided when to roll was Gray. Reynolds' test panel had smoked 250 versions of the trial Winston over two years when Gray took a puff of a new blend numbered 736 one day in 1954. Cried he: "This is it! Let's go all out for it." The company did—and Winston took over leadership among the filters in 1955. Reynolds followed up its victory by introducing the mentholated Salem, timing it just right to hit the growing demand for menthol.

The company also got an unexpected

Chesterfields 57%, Lorillard's Old Gold 58% and Philip Morris 71%. Only Pall Mall among the nonfilters has gained, is running 25% ahead of 1952.

Despite the fact that the health issue is at the heart of the matter, the industry continues to deny adamantly any direct or "causal" cancer-smoking link. It has spent \$3,700,000 to set up the Tobacco Industry Research Committee, which is widely regarded as only a smokescreen for the industry. But fortnight ago two reports came out from medical groups partly financed by the committee, holding that 1) smoking taxes damaged hearts and 2) tobacco users absorb 90% of the nicotine to which they are exposed.

Dr. Ernest Wynder of Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute, who, with Dr. Everts Graham, started the cancer controversy by inducing cancer in mice with daubings of tobacco tar, is only one of many prominent medical authorities (including the Surgeon General of the U.S.

* Left to right: Gray with Peyton Randolph, 9; Frank Christian, 21; Bowman III, 22; Robert Daniel, 19; Mrs. Gray; Lyons, 17.

* More for their strong taste than from the ads. When former Reynolds Chairman S. Clay Williams jokingly asked his Camel-puffing friend Franklin Roosevelt for a testimonial, F.D.R. offered this one: "Only the President of the United States and Clay Williams have throats strong enough to smoke Camels."



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NEVER CARRY MORE CASH THAN YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE

tooted Marlboro Man. Chesterfield's Men of America series hinted at the inherent daring in smoking: the man who "takes big pleasure when and where he can." Viceroy's "thinking man's filter" stresses male independence—and has spawned a host of jokes. Printable example: a man comes out of an operating room in white coat and mask, removing his surgical gloves. "What a daring operation!" sighs the nurse. "Actually," says the man, "I'm a plumber—but I think for myself."

What kind of person smokes what kind of cigarette? Camels and Luckies are smoked by older people and are strongest in rural areas, where consumers are slow to change habits. Filters have made their biggest impact in the cities, are popular with the young, and are bought by two-thirds of all women smokers. Mentholated cigarettes are more popular with city dwellers and women, have made the biggest hit in the warm South. Marlboros have replaced Chesterfields as the cigarette to smoke on campus. Though both Chesterfield and Philip Morris were long the cigarettes of the Big City sophisticate, the favorite smokes of New Yorkers are now Winston's, Pall Malls and Lorillard's Kents.

No Mules. The uncertain and often whimsical nature of the cigarette market makes the industry highly competitive and secretive. Before a cigarette is introduced to the general public, it undergoes taste-testing for months, is widely market-tested by pollsters. When the secret is out that one company is test-marketing a new cigarette in one area, other companies hustle into the area to fight it with extra salesmen, increased ad budgets.

Now that tobaccomen can no longer sing, shout or advertise their superior claims to health protection, they are busy researching novelty in flavors, e.g., chocolate and peppermint. They are also using their cash reserves from high profits to diversify. Reynolds has already bought an aluminum-foil plant, Archer Aluminum, and Bowman Gray is looking for other companies to buy into, particularly in the consumer field. "We'd go into almost anything," he says, "except the mule trade."

The industry looks to the future with confidence, not because it expects to be spared more crises—the next one could be definite proof that cigarettes cause cancer—but because it counts on the unchangeability of human nature. Based on the population growth and increased smoking by women, the industry expects cigarette production to rise 18% by 1965 to 570 billion cigarettes v. this year's 485 billion. If many smokers feel guilty about their bondage, they are apt to share Mark Twain's melancholy experience: "Smoking is easy to give up; I've done it hundreds of times." They are also liable to feel pretty bad-tempered. Another author became so testy when he gave up smoking that his wife finally stuck a lighted cigarette in his mouth and shouted, "Smoke, dammit, smoke!" That could well be the battle cry of the U.S. tobacco industry.



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"National equipment has proved to be a major contribution to our mechanized procedures. Our National Accounting Machines and Punched Paper Tape Recorders save us 62% annually on our investment.

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MEDIEVAL HOSPITALS—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Although hospitals were known in Buddhist and Moslem lands long before Christ, they were given their greatest stimulus in the Western World by Christian organizations. Like this "Great Room of the Poor", in the Hôtel-Dieu of Beaune, France (founded in 1443), most early institutions were hospices for the poor and indigent before they acquired their more modern role as a place for the care and treatment of the sick.

The clean and efficient hospitals we know today are a development of the last century. Today, one may enter a hospital with a new assurance that he will

receive fine medical and nursing care. Gone is the fear of personal safety that was well justified before the use of anesthetics and antiseptics became routine in hospital procedures.

During the past century, too, Parke-Davis has become one of the world's foremost pharmaceutical firms; a leader in discovering, developing, testing, manufacturing, and distributing better medicines for use by physicians in their offices, in hospitals and in homes—medicines that contribute to longer life and better health for the people of the world.

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Poet in Purple

D'ANNUNZIO: THE POET AS SUPERMAN (299 pp.)—Anthony Rhodes—McDowell, Obolensky (\$4.95).

Any statement about Gabriele D'Annunzio is an understatement. Poets these days tend to be an almost muted species haunted by the dread that they may be understood by nonpractitioners of their private art. They do not, as did D'Annunzio, ride naked on horseback into the surf and don a purple cloak as a bathrobe, or drink wine from a virgin's skull. Nor do they seduce many duchesses boast of eating roast baby, or make royal asses of themselves in so fabulous ways. Nor do they, as a rule, set the passions of a nation on fire.

D'Annunzio's fame as a writer has always been somewhat mysterious to non-Italians. Nor is the mystery cleared up by D'Annunzio's description of his method: "All I need are 20,000 sheets of my special paper made for me by Milano di Fabriano, plenty of ink, the sight of 200 quills which have been specially collected for me from geese stripped alive. All this gives me an extraordinary desire to write." Anthony Rhodes, sometime lecturer in English literature at Geneva University and a London *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in Eastern Europe, has fought his way through the blizzard of goose feathers to do a cool, curious biography.

Hero & Hom. When D'Annunzio was born, nearly 100 years ago, Italy was looking for a hero to match its heroic past. The second oldest civilization in Europe, it was also the youngest nation-state, and Mazzini was its architect. How Mazzini's liberal vision turned into the gimcrack grandiosity of Mussolini's Italy is a story that gives historical dimension to this biography. Modern Italy in Author Rhodes's view, is largely the work of two poets—Dante, with his "conception of a revised Roman Empire which lay dormant in the Italian mind for nearly 600 years," and D'Annunzio, who grafted onto this conception a set of Machiavellian politics and alien Nietzschean notions of a Mediterranean superman.

D'Annunzio began his unlikely career by being born, not, as he claimed, in a bark at sea during a gale, but in the half-pagan, half-bigoted province of Abruzzi where his father was a small-town mayor. At 16 he won premature fame with a handful of lush poems—

I crave infernal dances and insensate sounds

The breasts of Grecian concubines to pass the night.

Although undersized (even as an adult he stood only 5 ft. 3 in.), D'Annunzio wore his school uniform with such an air of authority that soldiers saluted him. At 19 he was a journalist and café ornament in Rome. At 20 he married a lady of noble name, and soon afterward acquired a scalp wound in a saber duel with a

literary enemy. Thereafter, his luxuriant chestnut hair fell out, leaving the poet bald—but romantically so. A marginal growth of beard, big, bulging blue eyes and a glorious voice rounded out his romantic panache. Through all this persisted a galloping logorrhea.

Wanting, he said, to "glorify above all things beauty and the power of the pugnacious, dominating male." D'Annunzio wrote poems praising "the sky, the sea, the earth, and heroes," and more than a score of blood-drenched novels (*The Triumph of Death*) and plays (*The Dead City*, *The Ship*). His heroes were voluptuous and cruel. "Why must there be a

seemed at his most laughable—as was demonstrated by his celebrated affair with Actress Eleonora Duce. For once, his histrionics met their match; when she found another woman's hairpins in his guest room, she threatened to burn down his villa "because the temple has been profaned. Flame alone can purify it."

But there was nothing preposterous about the poet when he left his muse and Duce to go to the wars. In 1915 D'Annunzio was living on his fame in Paris, a revered symbol of Italy's *risorgimento*, but also a plumping man of 52, and no one would have blamed him if he sat out the war. For a time, all Europe seemed to have accepted D'Annunzio's cruel philosophy, but he was at least willing to pay a Cinna's price and be torn for his bad



MUSSOLINI & D'ANNUNZIO IN 1925

Who, these days, drinks wine from a virgin's skull?

germ of sadist perversion in everyone who loves and desires?" the D'Annunzian hero asked himself as he pulled his beloved, and his beloved self, off a cliff, or in fake Renaissance fashion raped his sister.

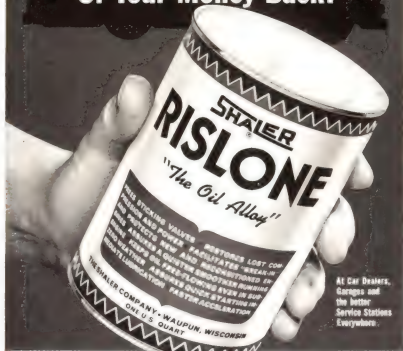
Muse & Duse. D'Annunzio's manner of speech and dress was copied everywhere. Women tried to behave like his heroines, and competed for symbol status as his bedmates. Intellectuals, of course, were the main victims of D'Annunzio's style, which according to Rhodes was "like that of Venetian glass, redundant and stuffed with reminiscences of Greek and Roman splendor, pseudo-Biblical pseudomystical." A whole generation of Italian youth accepted his vision of life as an opera with bogus lyrics but real swords. Filippo Marinetti, founder and chief exhibitionist of the crackpot futurist cult (he later proposed kidnapping Pope Benedict XV in an airplane and dropping him into the Adriatic), hailed D'Annunzio as "the prodigious seducer, the inevitable descendant of Casanova and Castiglione."

In his Casanova role, D'Annunzio

verses. He survived 50 actions and almost as many uniforms—for the poet used his prestige to transform himself at will into a cavalry lieutenant, an infantry officer, a combat airman, and he conferred on himself the navy title of *comandante*. He lost the sight of one eye landing his aircraft and sank a merchantman on a torpedo boat. To the end he remained the most bellicose of belligerents, complaining only "of the stench of peace."

Rant & Rave. The peace left Italy with little to show for its half million dead. Beginning with nothing but bludg strut and 287 men, D'Annunzio made his famed "march" (by truck much of the way) on Fiume, which Woodrow Wilson thought should belong to one of his creations—Yugoslavia. Eventually D'Annunzio was driven out of the city by Italian naval fire, but not before he had lived for 15 fantastic months like a Renaissance prince, entertaining streams of ambassadors, pilgrims and mistresses. Soon everyone was sick of this sort of stuff, and the Italians thoughtfully provided

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D'Annunzio with a title and the opportunity of being a live lion in a dead hero's palace, the Vittoriale on Lake Garda.

It had been D'Annunzio's rant and rave that prepared the way for Mussolini. But after he took power in 1922, the warrior poet lived out his life as the chief object of interest in a museum full of works of art, historic relics and junk. He died in 1938, not long before World War II brought Italy "the fountains of blood and tears" the poet had promised, and history made its final savage exegesis of his life-work—the butchered bodies of Mussolini and his mistress strung up by the heels.

Would you fight? Kill? See rivers of blood?

Great mountains of gold? Flocks of captive women?

Slaves? Or other prey? . . .

But for some time before the poet's death, mercifully perhaps, D'Annunzio had been slightly mad, Mussolini and the poet's neglected widow were the chief inmates.

The Last Knight

THE PEARL 343 pp.—Grosz von Rezzori—Harcourt Brace \$4.95

In the town of Tchernopol "to be mean is no crime." The people of Tchernopol laugh when a coachman slashes at a blind man for getting in the way of a carriage. They laugh when a drunk sings obscene songs or when a dog is run over. Tchernopol is in southeastern Europe, possibly in Rumania, where 46-year-old Author von Rezzori was born. But the city of cruel laughter is also Everyplace, an allegorical setting for a philosophical novel on the nature of reality.

The town and its people are seen through the eyes of a nameless narrator recollecting his childhood. The purpose is not nostalgia but magic: "Our childhood is our myth, the legend of times when we stole from the gods insight into the substance of things." The substance of things in Tchernopol has a kind of evil fairytale logic: some trifling incident fuses a pogrom, and a kindly Jewish doctor is bloodily beaten and his precious scientific work destroyed; the town's notorious nymphomaniac, a woman with a "topaz gaze," ends up in the arms of a foaming madman at the local insane asylum. These episodes occur rather like unrelated chemical experiments, but what they prove is akin to Shakespeare's "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport."

Neither wanton boys nor gods kill Major Nicholas Tildy, the hussar of the title and chief symbolic figure of the novel. When narrator first sees Tildy on horseback, he is a blaze of blue and gold, and his imperious shako seems like the headgear of "the last knight." For the boy it is a moment of epiphany combining ideas of beauty, honor, perfection and the Holy Grail. But the hussar is not liked by the townspeople, for his "lawlessness" makes other men feel like

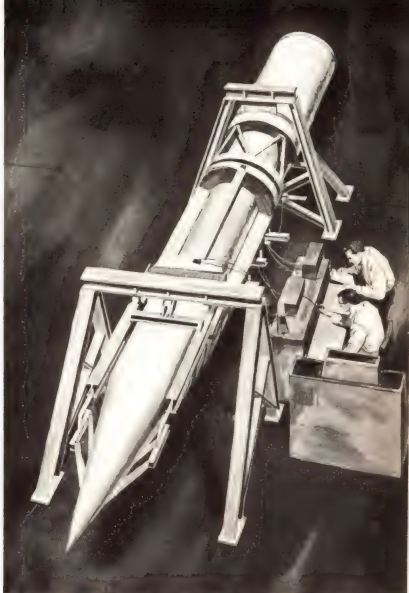


AIR TRANSPORTABLE MISSILE. Sergeant can be flown to battlefield area. A supersonic, medium range, ballistic guided missile, it is 30 feet long and 31 inches in diameter.



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Readying the "Sergeant" for front line duty

Engineers prove U. S. Army's versatile artillery missile and its undeviating guidance system in strenuous tests

ONE OF A SERIES

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY of Sperry's Utah Engineering Laboratory

A battlefield missile must be simple, fool-proof, reliable, tough. Sperry Utah has the assignment of insuring that the Sergeant—latest in the Army's guided missile arsenal and successor to the Corporal—will be all these and more when it becomes operational.

Sperry has assisted in the Jet Propulsion Laboratory's development of Sergeant. Sperry has the prime contract for production of the missile system together

with its launcher and its servicing-handling-maintenance equipment. First production is now under way at Salt Lake City.

The Sergeant can be transported by sea, surface or air. It will give increased fire support—both nuclear and non-nuclear—to forward deployed forces and to STRAC. In addition to its highly accurate and reliable guidance system, Sergeant incorporates "drag brakes," the latest development in range control for solid-fueled missiles. Coupled with the Thiokol power plant, the brakes aid in pinpoint battlefield aiming.

The Sergeant program is one of a number of projects going forward at Sperry Utah—projects which include classified work in advanced infrared systems among others. Here, as in every other area of our environment, Sperry is contributing significantly to America's progress in defense. Sperry Utah Engineering Laboratory, Division of Sperry Rand Corporation, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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H. B. Plouffe-Gebhardt

NOVELIST VON REZZORI

Chaos is at the heart of things.

curs. After a fight with his commanding general, Tildy is clapped into the insane asylum "for observation."

This happens on page 125, and the rest of the novel is devoted to other stories that deviously illuminate Tildy's downfall. The gist of it is that the Hussar tilted with the essence of life and lost. Chaos is at the heart of things, argues Author von Rezzori, and Tildy-like attempts to impose forms and codes are noble but doomed. *The Hussar* is not always fictionally compelling but nearly always intellectually exciting. Author von Rezzori writes with aphoristic flair and a hint of childlike wonder. He has produced a flashing novel of ideas, a species that ranks in rarity with the Tasmanian wolf and the Komodo dragon.

The Brides of Sometime

A FINE FRENZY (219 pp.)—Noel Woodin—Knopf (paperbound, \$1.65).

Mindful that lots of people (some of whom probably read) take vacations in Florida at this time of year, Knopf has issued a volume of hot-weather reading. In the long run, Author Woodin's novel may be no more effective than a gin and tonic, but at the moment of consumption the sensation is pleasant.

Hero Julian Starke is a poet and a Briton and, consequently, unemployable—"too clever for an executive position, too vague for trade, and too feeble to shift cement bags." He has worked variously and univorously as a cabbage rooter, road mender, ice cream hawk, oil company minor-domo and smuggler. As the book opens, he lives in a derelict farmhouse in Gloucestershire, but he is a bohemian, not a beatnik. The distinction lies in the fact that he makes his bed once a week, writes coherent English, and laughs at himself now and then.

And he is enthusiastic about girls." Dear

Another Roddis "first"



"House on stilts," Los Altos Hills, California

New house has no outside walls

"Weather screens" of a remarkable new structural material—

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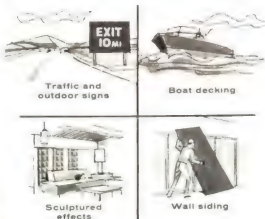
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"Soundings"



By Paul Larson,
President of Larson Boat Works, Inc.

Today I'd like to take up some of the questions people often ask me about my lapline hull design. The one I hear most often is, "Wouldn't it be simpler and just as good if you had a smoother hull?" Well, it would certainly be simpler. But it definitely would not be as good. In 44 years of building, we know from experience the characteristics of every type of hull and material.

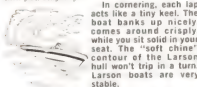
First off, with a lapline hull, you don't need a keel. Your prop bites solid water—you get more honest work out of your outboard motor. Also, Larson runabouts are easier to trailer.

But the main advantage of the lapline design is this: as the boat moves along, water is "caught" by each lap, rolled back toward the



stern, and mixed with air. The bubbles which are formed can actually be seen squirting out from underneath the stern. These bubbles act much like ball bearings. They give you a smoother ride.

They also give you more lift. Water and bubbled spray, hitting the laps gives upward thrust. The boat gets up and rides on a smaller wetted surface. The more it rises, the more speed you get. And because Larson boats plane flat and high, spray is held down and you stay dry.



In cornering, each lap acts like a tiny keel. The boat banks up nicely, comes around crisply, while you sit solid in your seat. The "soft chine" contour of the Larson hull won't trip in a turn. Larson boats are very stable.

In addition, laplines add strength. Larson fiberglass hulls, with sealed double-bottom and flat floors, are extremely sturdy to begin with; the laplines add another margin of safety.

The next question people are likely to ask is, "If laplines are so important, then why don't you continue them all the way up the side?" The answer is that laplines aren't necessary or even an advantage above the waterline. Moulding more than ten laps into our hull would simply increase the cost of the boat with no benefit to the buyer. Also, we think the boat is prettier with a smooth hull above the waterline.

All of which will give you some idea, I hope, of the amount of time and thought we have put into our lapline design for your pleasure, comfort, safety, and convenience. I would like to invite you to test our boat's performance yourself. Before you decide on a new boat line, take a demonstration ride and...

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Ontario, Canada

old Carnal Desire," he rhapsodizes. Moreover, he philanthropically resourcefully: once when he awakened of a morning not quite sure of his hostess, he headed slyly for the medicine cabinet to reacquire himself. "Miss Betty Hyams, twice a day after meals," said the label on one bottle. "I was saved, Betty." The plot, however, is mostly concerned with another girl—healthy enough not to require a medicine cabinet—who comes to share Julian's rustic idyl for a while. When he finds her clasped by a lustful vegetarian, he takes to his bed for several days in disgust, but wakes up to find wild flowers thrusting up through the bleak earth of his gloom; there is money in the mail from an American publisher. At book's end he is planning another poem.

Novelist Woodin's treatise on the poet in commerce is wry, charming and unassuming. The author, who is a poet himself, manages to convince the reader that his hero is one also, by quoting a few lines

*And the brides of sometime
Walked the good hour hauntingly*

that might have been written by Dylan Thomas, had that Welshman not been afflicted by drink and genius.

The All-Academe List

THE LIFETIME READING PLAN (318 pp.)
—Clifton Fadiman—World (\$3.75).

Critic Clifton Fadiman, the Schweppesman of belles-lettres, thinks that everyone's mind is dreadfully underdeveloped. He is right, of course. A load of guilt equivalent to the combined weight of Dr. Eliot and his "Five-Foot Shelf" rests upon nearly all college-exposed Americans, by whom too many of the great books are unread or unremembered.

Fadiman's attempt to remove this onus by main force is neither so precisely measured as Eliot's invention nor so massive as the Robert Hutchins-Mortimer Adler set of Great Books. Fadiman has drawn up a similar list of 100, but he provides only an introductory pep talk about each book's contents and author. If he sounds like a real estate agent when he assures his readers that they may take up to 50 years to complete the plan, it probably does not matter.

Some omissions or inclusions may be debated, the author concedes willingly. He leaves out Aristophanes, for instance because of translation difficulties (although the Eugene O'Neill Jr. translation is delightful), and includes Aldous Huxley while snubbing both Camus and Sartre. No Eastern literature makes Fadiman's All-Academe list because, he confesses, it does not appeal to him. But he includes a volume (No. 100 of the great books) that does appeal to him: *An American Anthology*, by Clifton Fadiman.

Still, the core of the list is the heart of the West's wisdom and genius. And the information in Fadiman's bibliography and introduction is helpful. Unfortunately, the sheer pomposity of any such program of cultural push-hugs is enough to

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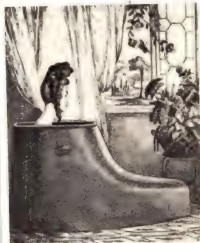


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send many readers scuttling to the pages of Agatha Christie. Perhaps Fadiman should have totted up an auxiliary list of 100 works that are MERELY GOOD (Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Pope's *Essay on Man*) and another of volumes FRIVOLOUS BUT CHARMING (Petronius' *Satyricon*, Cummings' *Collected Poems*).

Dissenters will find another complaint: Fadiman paints the glories of the written word in a style that is as flat and as patronizing as a high school history text. There are a few flashes of wit ("Malraux is Hemingway grown up") and polemic ("the liberal temperament's besetting weakness is parochialism"). More typically, though, he writes of Thucydides in words that might have come from the Pentagon itself. Later he asserts that "Tolstoy is a very large man. When we read him we too must enlarge ourselves."

It looks like a very large 50 years for literature.



THE BOOT BATH (18TH CENTURY)
Oh! the fair sex, up to their necks.

Gardy-Loo!

CLEAN AND DECENT (281 pp.)—Low-
rence Wright—Viking [\$4.95].

King John, signer (under duress) of Magna Carta, bathed once every three weeks. Queen Elizabeth, born 317 years after his death, scrubbed herself only once a month. "whether she needed it or no." Thus it may be seen that the history of the human race's sanitary habits is by no means an unchecked upward gush. British Expert Wright—an architect, not a plumber—charts the flow with scholarship, wit, and handsome illustrations: the resulting volume is better bathtub reading than most recent novels.

It is the Americans, of course, who are accused of being obsessed with cleanliness and of trying to convert the world to the glory of the bathroom. But the Romans were far greater bathers. The author observes that the Baths of Caracalla covered an area six times greater than that of St. Paul's Cathedral. Whereas modern London provides 51 gallons of water a day for

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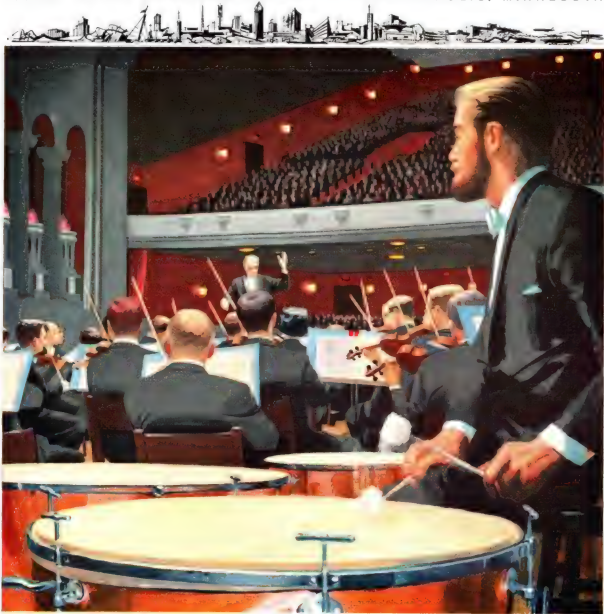
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each citizen, and New York City about 154, ancient Rome at its peak pumped 300 gallons for each unwashed head. There may be a lesson here for some Toynbee of indoor plumbing—if only that, when Rome fell, it was with a splash.

Dolphin Rampant. When the Roman legions sailed from Britain, the barbarians who took over had no use for the spacious bathhouses. For centuries Europe remained very nearly dedicated to the proposition that dirtiness is next to godliness. One medieval writer complained about the effeminacy of the Danes, who "used to comb their hair every day, bathed every Saturday and used many other such frivolous means of setting off the beauty of their persons."

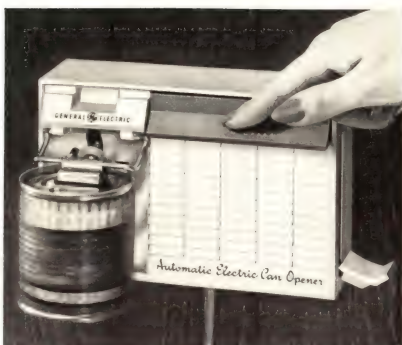
As late as the 18th century, when residents of Edinburgh threw slops from fifth-floor bedchambers with the cry "Gardy-loo!" (from the French *gardez l'eau*, or watch out for the water), Europe's sanitary arrangements consisted of ordure without decorum. The first British patent for a water closet was not taken out until 1775, although da Vinci had designed one nearly three centuries earlier. Eventually, the apparatus was available in the form of a dolphin (rampant), a lion (couchant), or embellished with the "blue magnolia design."

In 1900 the Syphonic Closet of the Century was announced. It was clean and decent, but it missed the pungent grandeur of the commode from which Louis XIV announced his forthcoming marriage to Mme. de Maintenon. And it cannot have given its users the satisfaction of the chamber pot, or jerry, available to Britons around 1800, whose interior was limned with a portrait of Napoleon.

Dipping Sitz. As for the bathtub, one of the more notable types was the slipper or boot bath, the comfortable contraption in which Marat was assassinated by Charlotte Corday. In the 19th century, one bathed according to the nature of his ailments. A *sitz*, or *semicupium*, bath was recommended for congestion of the brain, and a "dipping sitz" did wonders for "nervous debility and a relaxed condition of the generative parts." An overheated brain could be cooled by a foot bath, but bathers were warned to keep their toes in motion.

Author Wright praises the modern bath for its ubiquity and abundant hot water, but decries the Babbitt's delight offered in a "choice of seventy-two colours, of which pink is available in twenty-two shades." Even more lamentable is the decline of public baths, such as those at Bath, Somersetshire (founded, legend has it, by King Lear's father, Prince Bladud). For, as a bard named Anstey rhapsodized in the *Bath Poetical Guide*,

*Oh! 'twas a glorious sight to behold
the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their
necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and
sprawl
In a big smoking kettle as big as our
hall.*



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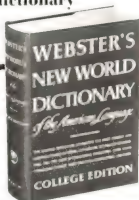
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

A Lesson in Love (Swedish). The most natural and robust of Writer-Director Ingmar Bergman's comedies is full of lucky directorial hits and preposterous misses, with marital fidelity the central subject up for dissection.

The Magician (Swedish). Also under the eye and hand of Ingmar Bergman, a magician of the 19th century comes alive to haunt audiences of the 20th.

The Poacher's Daughter. Being a rustic Irish comedy, the film is a pack of delightful lies: white lies, green lies, slick, sly, funny lies—every one as harmless as the times of a hayfork. With Julie Harris and the players of the Abbey Theatre.

Tiger Bay. A tautly drawn British suspense film about a fugitive killer and a little girl who has witnessed his crime.

The Cranes Are Flying (Russian). In a movie that is both wild and brilliant, Director Mikhail Kalatozov lifts an ordinary love story into flight.

Ikiru (Japanese). A man tries to do good before he dies, succeeds, and brutal ironies follow, in a film that is perhaps the finest achievement of Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa.

Our Man in Havana. Alec Guinness and Noel Coward mix farcical comedy with political satire in the film version of Graham Greene's novel.

TELEVISION

Wed., April 6
U.S. Steel Hour (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Robert (Elfege Baca) Loggia and Claude (Paris Precinct) Dauphin team up in *How to Make a Killing*, a lighthearted murder mystery set in 19th century France. Even the uninitiate can be sure that the victim will not be Guest Star Eva Gabor.

Thurs., April 7
Revlon Revue (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Comedians Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding lead a pub crawl through Manhattan. Observed en route: Singers Peggy Lee and Felicia Sanders, Dancer José Greco.

Fri., April 8
Art Carney Show (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). Joseph Conrad's novel, *Victory*, makes its TV debut. Assisting Carney: Eric Portman, Lois Smith and Oscar Homolka.

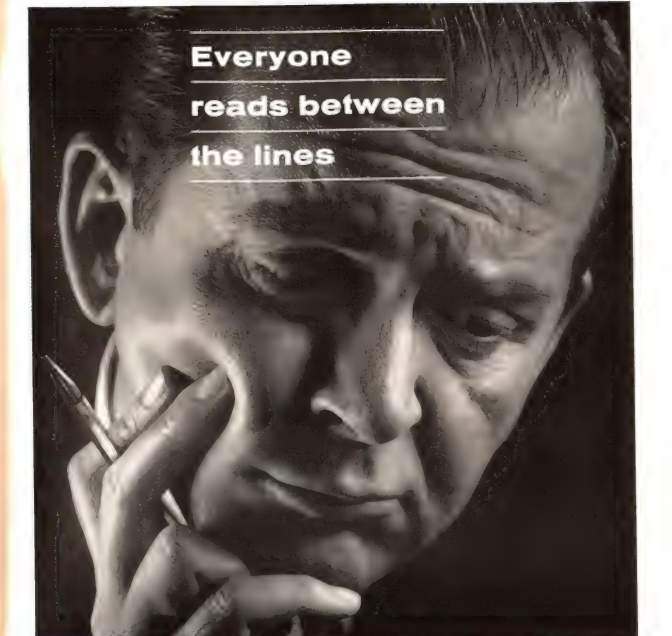
Twilight Zone (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Playwright Rod Serling tells the story of a small boy whose *Big Tall Wish* helps him bruised father through a comeback in the prize ring.

Sat., April 9
Masters Golf Tournament (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). The 24th running of the big payout to the winter golf tour. (Sun., 5-5:30 p.m.).

World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). *The Living End* is an earnest documentary about the problems and privileges of the aged.

Sun., April 10
Passover Theme—and Variations (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Musical memories of the Jewish religious feast supplied by Harmon-

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College News Conference (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). In the first TV network interview following the Wisconsin primary, Senator Hubert Humphrey discusses his chances against Senator Jack Kennedy.

The Great Challenge (CBS, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). Third of a high-minded series moderated by Howard K. Smith. This time TV asks the question: "What Role Can Communications Play in Producing Effective Leadership?"

NBC Opera Company (2-4:30 p.m.). Mozart's masterpiece, *Don Giovanni*, with an English libretto by Poets W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, with Cesare Siepi, Leontyne Price, Helen George and Judith Radkin. Color.

Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). Was Rommel a great tactician or an ineffectual opportunist? An interview with his chief of staff, Lieut. General Siegfried Westphal, helps track down the answer.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (NBC, 6:30-8 p.m.). A new production of a TV classic, *Helen Hayes*. Judith Anderson and Stephen McKenna star in James Costigan's adaptation of *Cradle Song*. Color.

Our American Heritage (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). David Wayne plays Andrew Carnegie in *Millionaire's Mite*, an investigation of the evolution of a philanthropist.

Mon., April 11

Goodyear Theater (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). Ernie Kovacs and Henry Jones tackle Playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *Author at Work*, a mystery with a reverse twist: an author is accused of the crimes he has written about.

THEATER

Off Broadway

Henry IV, Part I. The repertory group of Manhattan's Phoenix Theater is doing so well with *Falstaff*, *Hotspur*, and *Prince Hal* that they have decided to do *Part II* beginning April 18 (in alternate performances with *Part I*, beginning May 6).

On Broadway

The Tenth Man. In a suburban synagogue, a mentally-disturbed young girl is magically freed from the dybbuk (evil spirit) that possesses her, as Playwright Paddy Chayefsky mixes Jewish mysticism and modern psychology.

A Thruher Carnival. The nutty flavor of Humorist James Thurber is deftly brought to the stage in a revue with Tom Ewell, Paul Ford, John McGiver, Peggy Cass, Alice Ghostley.

Toys in the Attic. With power and insight, Playwright Lillian Hellman gives Broadway a first-rate original play, set in New Orleans, with Jason Robards Jr. as a weak ne'er-do-well whose sudden rise to fortune is more than his wife and maiden sisters can bear.

Fiorello! Audiences would almost swear that the croaking voice is coming from the shower in Gracie Mansion, as Actor Tom Bosley re-creates New York's Mayor La Guardia in a light, bright musical.

The Miracle Worker. Superb performances by Actresses Anne Bancroft and 13-year-old Patty Duke mow down the inherent problems in Playwright William Gibson's awkward script, movingly tell the story of young Helen Keller's emergence from darkness and silence.

The Andersonville Trial. Sharply the-



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BOOKS

Best Reading

A Separate Peace. by John Knowles. In this uncommonly fine first novel, a schoolboy discovers a knot of homicide within himself—and what he kills, the author appears to be saying, is his own youth.

Clea. by Lawrence Durrell. This fourth novel in Durrell's febrile and often brilliant tetralogy about a small world (contemporary Alexandria) is peopled by extraordinary grotesques.

The Edge of Day. by Laurie Lee. The British poet's un sentimental account of his boyhood in a rural village is rich in common truths uncommonly stated.

Commandant of Auschwitz. by Rudolf Hoess. A revolting book, but one that should be read: the autobiography of the SS captain, executed in 1947, who gassed 2,000,000 Jews at Auschwitz, but saw himself as a loyal officer carrying out a vexing assignment.

The Reluctant Surgeon. by John Kohler. A zestful biography of John Hunter, brilliant, eccentric 18th century surgeon who did as much as any man to turn surgery and pathology into sciences.

Frank Harris: The Life and Loves of a Scoundrel. by Vincent Brome. The notorious turn-of-the-century editor told all, and even more, in his celebrated autobiography; the present account has less color but considerably more truth.

A European Education. by Romain Gary. A Polish boy learns bitter lessons during the Nazi occupation.

Passage of Arms. by Eric Ambler. Flimflammy among gunrunners in the Orient.

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1. Hawaii, Michener (1)
2. Advise and Consent, Drury (2)
3. The Lincoln Lords, Hawley (8)
4. The Constant Image, Davenport (4)
5. The Devil's Advocate, West (5)
6. Ourselves to Know, O'Hara (3)
7. Two Weeks in Another Town, Shaw (6)
8. Kiss Kiss, Dahl (7)
9. Dear and Glorious Physician, Caldwell (10)
10. Aimee-zovv Brahms . . . Sagan (9)

NONFICTION

1. May This House Be Safe from Tigers, King (1)
2. Folk Medicine, Jarvis (2)
3. My Wicked, Wicked Ways, Flynn (3)
4. Grand Moves South, Catton (4)
5. Act One, Hart (5)
6. The Law and the Profits, Parkinson (10)
7. Holywood Rajah, Crowther
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* Position on last week's list.

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